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DESPITE THE SENATE'S abject surrender to the White House on the question of relief for the drought victims, it is not yet certain that the present session of Congress will adjourn with all the essential supply bills adopted. Should one or more of these measures be held up, an early session of the Seventy-second Congress will be unavoidable. The bonus bill, already passed by 363 votes to 39 in the House, is scheduled for quick action in the Senate, and friends of the measure believe that they have votes enough to override a veto if the President should return the bill without approval. Proponents of Congressional aid for the unemployed are said to be planning another drive, this time to vote a fund for emergency use during the recess in the event private agencies fail to provide adequate relief. They may have better luck than they did with the original $25,000,000 relief measure, but it is probable that they cannot win without a struggle that will last days, if not weeks. The Hoover victory over the Senate in the battle over relief legislation ought not to be passed by without mentioning the fact that the Hoover supporters included such occasional Progressives as Senators Howell, McMaster, Black, and McKellar. The fifteen Senators who fought the one-sided Hoover compromise to the end were Borah, Couzens, Cutting, Frazier, Johnson, La Follette, Norris, Schall, Barkley, Bulkley, Connally, Glass, Thomas of Oklahoma, Wheeler, and Shipstead.

MR. HOOVER appears to have acquired a new and more skilful political adviser. This adviser, mindful of the difficulties the President would encounter in seeking reelection upon his own record, seems to have persuaded Mr. Hoover to make a bid for popular support on the strength of Abraham Lincoln's accomplishments. No other rational explanation can be advanced for the tone of the President's Lincoln Day radio talk. Broadcasting from the Lincoln room in the Executive Mansion, Mr. Hoover said:

> It is appropriate that I should speak from this room in the White House where Lincoln strived and accomplished his great service to our country. His invisible presence dominates these halls. . . . From these windows he looked out. . . . Here are the very chairs in which he meditated upon his problems. . . . It was here that he toiled by day and by night that the Union created by the Fathers might be preserved. . . . Lincoln led in founding the Republican Party and he gloried in his party. His tradition has dominated it to this day. It was and is a party of responsibility.

Here am I, Mr. Hoover might more honestly have said, working where Lincoln worked and as he worked; I am wrestling with similar problems and (presumably) achieving the same glorious results; I am the leader of the party he founded and loved; Abraham Lincoln was a great man and therefore I should be kept in office.

PASSING OVER Mr. Hoover's identification of himself with Lincoln on the questions of a protective tariff, transportation development, nullification, and "obedience to law as the very foundation of our Republic," we find the President using Lincoln as an excuse for his own neglect of the social and economic well-being of the country. In his speech Mr. Hoover returned to his old refrain that the government must not help the people because the people cannot achieve "victory over this depression and over our other difficulties" unless they "learn to fight their own battles." The helpless victims of the drought and the economic crisis must not look to the government for aid, he suggested, lest such relief measures—Mr. Hoover called them "opiates of government charity"—should lead to "the stifling of our national spirit of mutual self-help." The jobless and the hungry should learn to depend upon "the American social ideal," which is "equality of opportunity and individual initiative." We need only look about us to see how many mouths are being fed by "individual initiative" and "mutual self-help." While admitting that "this is not the easy way," Mr. Hoover contends that "it is the American way. And it was Lincoln's way." We can hardly conceive of that President ever telling six or seven million unemployed workers and a million or more hungry farmers that the government owes them nothing.

WASHINGTON AT LAST has awakened to the futility and irrationality of keeping the marines in Nicaragua. Secretary Stimson has announced that they are to be gradually withdrawn, the last unit of 500 men leaving

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Managua after the 1932 elections. His action comes four years late. It cannot restore to life the several hundred Nicaraguan peasants who died under the fire of American machine-guns, nor can it bring back the forty-odd marines killed in action in the mountain wilderness of Nueva Segovia and adjacent provinces. It will not wipe out the shame of the massacre at Ocotal of July 16, 1927, nor will it make the absurd and foolhardy Peace of Tipitapa, which led to the slaughter, appear any more sensible or logical when the history of this episode of American imperialism is written. Nevertheless we can be grateful for Mr. Stimson's action, which will help to win back at least some of the respect of Latin America and the rest of the world that Washington has been alienating through its interventionist activities in Central America and the Caribbean. It is not clear just what prompted the decision to withdraw the marines. But in any case full credit should be given to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and particularly to its executive secretary, Dorothy Detzer, who has been most active among that small group of citizens in Washington that has been working for the withdrawal of the American armed forces.

COMPLETE RECONSTRUCTION of British industry is proposed in a striking plan just published as a supplement to the *Week End Review*, according to a special dispatch to the New York *Times*. The plan, which is understood to be the work of experts in many fields, is apparently not dissimilar to the proposals put forward by the guild socialists a dozen years ago, and follows syndicalist rather than political socialist lines. It contemplates the organization of industry, commerce, and transportation into a series of great self-governing units with limited profits. Consumers and workers will be represented in the government of each unit, and internal competition will be strictly limited or entirely eliminated. The exact relation of these great trusts or guilds to the political state is not made clear in the cabled summary. The plan is said to have the support of a wide variety of business and professional men, and affords fresh evidence of the increasing realization that anything short of comprehensive planning is inadequate to meet the imperative needs of industry. The "collapse of economic isolation and high protection in America" is noted, and large-scale buying in Great Britain is urged as the necessary means of meeting large-scale selling in other countries. A dynamic peace policy, which would take active measures for disarmament and cultivation of friendship with other countries, is recognized as essential to the success of any plan. Great Britain's position illustrates with special clearness the necessity under which all countries labor for a comprehensively organized economic life, worked out in friendly international cooperation, and both the general principles and the details of this plan will be eagerly examined.

THE COMPLETE COLLAPSE of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is a reminder that American financial geniuses are not alone in building up by merger huge financial skyscrapers without any adequate steel skeleton of earning power. In the years after the war England was dazzled by the brilliant financial operations through which Lord Kylsant (Owen Cosby Philipps) built up this, the world's largest shipping group. It was a house of cards, and recently Royal Mail shares have sold for less than nothing, shareholders actually paying transfer tax in order to get rid of them. The disaster now revealed, due to reckless financing and shipping depression, is unparalleled in British maritime history, and it is estimated that total losses to investors will be nearly $100,000,000. In wrecking the Royal Mail, Lord Kylsant has also dragged down its constituent companies. The ordinary share capital of the White Star Line is wiped out, and all its assets are pledged to creditors. The losses of the Royal Mail itself have swallowed up reserves of $14,000,000, together with all the value of the preferred and common shares, originally issued at $44,000,000. It is now disclosed that from 1926 to 1929, when the Royal Mail was announcing profits and was paying generous dividends, it was actually losing money, and dividends were coming out of reserves. It is not strange that Lord Kylsant is in Madeira for his wife's health. The whole affair is another startling illustration of what the ordinary investor sometimes pays for the benefits of private business enterprise, and what kind of business enterprise he too often pays for.

SILVER HAS SOLD recently in London for a shilling an ounce, much the lowest price in history and less than half the value prevailing in January, 1929, when the present disastrous drop began. A subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in a unanimous report just submitted recommends the calling of an international conference to consider the status of silver as money. The drop in price, it declares, was not due to overproduction but was caused partly by the debasement of silver coins in certain countries and the consequent selling of surplus silver, but especially by the melting down of silver coin in India and the throwing of this silver on the market as a consequence of the gold-exchange policy adopted for India in 1926. In the opinion of the committee it will be impossible to prevent a continued decrease in the purchasing power of silver "unless and until the British Government for India announces a determination to suspend its policy." The disastrous results of the crash in silver for China, India, Mexico, Central and South America, and other silver-using countries are plain enough. They have seen the value of their money cut in two in two years. Consequently their imported cotton goods, to take a single example, cost twice as much as they did, and exporters of cotton cloth in this country and England have seen their profitable Asiatic markets almost wiped out. The same thing is true to a certain extent, the committee points out, in the case of wheat, lumber, automobiles, radios, electric appliances, and machinery. It is no simple consideration of the well-being of China that has led to the suggestion of a great silver loan from this country.

REVOLUTION IN SPAIN has been long preparing, but the agitation has been singularly lacking in organization and aim. When, on February 8, a royal decree ordered elections for the Congress (the lower house of the Cortes) on March 1 and for the Senate on March 15, and convoked the new Cortes for March 25, it seemed as though the friends of constitutional government, who for seven years had more or less actively opposed the dictatorship which Primo de Rivera began, were about to be rewarded. The decree had hardly been posted and the censorship lifted, however, when

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it appeared that the country did not know what it wanted. The monarchists divided, some opposing the elections, others demanding a constituent assembly to revise the constitution before the elections were held. Several political parties announced that they would boycott the elections, the Communists decided to run candidates for both houses, and the attitude of the Socialists was in doubt. The only general line of division appeared to be between those who wanted to continue the constitutional monarchy and those who wanted a republic. Dissension in the monarchist ranks appears to have been chiefly responsible for the sudden resignation of the Berenguer Government and the withdrawal of the elections decree. Word now comes that the king has asked José Sanchez Guerra, leader of the Constitutionalist Party, to form a Cabinet. Only two years ago Guerra was arrested at Valencia for leading an abortive revolutionary movement against the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, a fact which gives weight to the suggestion that his selection presages limitation of the Spanish monarchy.

THE ZIONISTS WIN in Prime Minister MacDonald's letter to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, which, Mr. MacDonald declares, is to be read as the authoritative interpretation of Lord Passfield's bitterly criticized White Paper of October last, and is to be communicated as an official document to the League of Nations. Its tone, so friendly to Zionist wishes, contrasts sharply with the rather dour aspect of the White Paper. Specifically, Jewish immigration is to be allowed according to the "absorptive capacity" of the country instead of being barred when there is unemployment among the Arabs, which was the apparent policy of the White Paper. Limitations on Jewish acquisition of land suggested in the White Paper are largely removed, and the purpose of facilitating Jewish settlement on the land is reaffirmed. The claim of the Jews to employment on public works in proportion to payment of taxes, not population, is to be "taken into consideration" (that is, allowed?). The right of the Jewish Agency to employ only Jewish labor is conceded. By these agile "interpretations" the Prime Minister has in fact effected a démarche from the position taken by the Colonial Secretary in the White Paper. The new proposals have already come in for sharp criticism and it remains to be seen whether the Jews, the Arabs, and the government will now come together and work out a constructive policy for Palestine, as Dr. Weizmann hopes.

CHANCELLOR BRUNING appears at the moment to have won a decisive victory in preserving the parliamentary form of government in Germany. On the one hand, he has repelled the noisy opposition of the National Socialists, and on the other he has succeeded in avoiding the necessity of setting up a dictatorship under Article 48 of the German constitution by keeping together the heterogeneous factions making up the present government. Thus, if there are no unforeseen accidents and if the economic situation improves with the approach of spring, Brüning would seem to have weathered Germany's most difficult crisis since the 1918 revolution. It is questionable that he could have done so had the National Socialists been blessed with more skilful leadership. They had the backing of a number of extremely wealthy industrialists, and their popular support was undeniably growing. However, they bungled their advantageous position in the Reichstag by using obstructionist tactics that played directly into the hands of the expert parliamentarians of the government parties, and they lost what little sympathy they had among the moderate Centrists, of which group Brüning is the leader, by adding the Roman Catholics to the list of their "enemies." Their withdrawal en bloc from the Reichstag was apparently designed as a play to the galleries, but the gesture somehow fell flat. For the time being the "Nazis" undoubtedly are losing favor, but so long as the severe economic depression and its consequent unrest continue, the capacity of these fascists to make trouble must not be underestimated.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, who died in New York on February 12, was one of the outstanding women of a generation that today has largely passed away. As a journalist, a clergyman, a social scientist, a teacher, an indefatigable worker in behalf of woman suffrage and world peace, she was always intensely alive, and keenly interested in every movement that held promise of social betterment. It has become fashionable to sneer at reformers, but the United States owes a great debt to the men and women who in the latter part of the nineteenth century awakened the country to the need for social endeavor in behalf of the less fortunate classes of society. Among that group Mrs. Spencer held an honorable place, and she brought to the more complex problems of the past decade the same human interest, the same zeal, and the same quick and sympathetic intelligence that marked her earlier years.

LILLIAN LEITZEL was the diminutive young person for whom the three-ring, splendiferous, and indescribable circus of Ringling and Barnum and Bailey stopped in its tracks. Nothing else happened in the ring—in the three rings—while Miss Leitzel's act went on. The "giant half flange" it was called, that incredible feat of hanging by her right wrist from a trapeze ring fifty feet in the air, while she literally threw herself over her own shoulder, to a record once of 249 times! The great circus floor was still, the thousands of spectators were mute with terror and amazement, not a sound came from anywhere to break the even, rhythmic swing and back swing of that small body so perilously far away. She was the star of the circus without question or dispute. Now she is dead. The ring broke in her hand while she was performing her act in Copenhagen; she fell to the floor, fracturing her skull and injuring her spine. She is described as a true child of the circus, the daughter and granddaughter of performers, beginning her circus career when she was three years old. Her success was due not only to her unique feat of strength—which she learned from her mother and which the two of them alone were able to do—but to the fact that she was small, pretty, graceful, even while she did what far more muscular acrobats could not do. No single performer of the circus will be more sorely missed or more sincerely mourned.

IN OUR ISSUE of February 11 the earnings of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation were given as $42,242,980 in 1930 and $23,843,406 in 1929. The figures should have been reversed. Along with the other steel companies, Bethlehem experienced a great reduction in earnings last year.

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The Country Needs Congress

THE country ought to have some assurance before March 4 that President Hoover will call the Seventy-second Congress to meet soon after the present session closes. The unprecedented economic situation demands an early session. The legislative jam makes one imperative. Mr. Hoover himself has admitted that there is much legislation pending which requires immediate attention. That there is widespread opposition to the calling of an extraordinary session cannot be denied, but this opposition has been created primarily by propaganda emanating from politicians, who fear that they may make costly blunders in a year preceding a Presidential campaign, and from the reactionary press and business interests, who are constantly fighting democratic government.

Congress is swamped with work that cannot be put off except at the expense of the country as a whole. Nothing of consequence has been done to relieve the present economic situation, and this is a task that certainly cannot wait until December. An adequate public-works construction program has still to be adopted. The problem of stabilizing employment has barely been touched upon; the question of establishing a satisfactory system of employment exchanges and of working out an unemployment-insurance scheme has received little or no attention. It is by no means certain that private charity will be found equal to the task of providing relief for the millions of jobless workers and their dependents, and with Congress in recess the government could not supply the necessary relief (which it ought to be doing now) should private charity fall down on the job. Furthermore, the millions voted for rehabilitation of the drought areas may not prove sufficient; it has already been suggested that these funds are not being efficiently administered; and any breakdown will leave Washington with another serious situation on its hands. These tasks and many like them cannot be postponed the better part of a year. The exigencies of an economic crisis will not wait nine months.

There are other legislative matters which have been held up from one to three years because of the long-protracted tariff fight, among other reasons. These ought to be disposed of at once and not dumped upon the December session, which will have plenty of problems of its own. Among these matters may be included the Muscle Shoals bill, the anti-injunction resolution, the anti-lame-duck amendment, bus regulation, railway consolidation, revision of the anti-trust laws, banking and credit reforms, and the World Court. In his message to Congress last December Mr. Hoover declared that "it was desirable" that certain of "these measures should be completed." He also urged Congress to begin work on many other legislative proposals. Little has been accomplished in this direction. Mr. Hoover may now be content to let his program of December, 1930, rest until December, 1931, but neither Congress nor the people ought to be satisfied with such procrastinatory tactics, or with any policy under which the pressing tasks and duties of the government will be evaded for a period of nine months. In ordinary times such a delay would be illogical and perhaps costly, but in the present period of depression any shirking of governmental responsibilities must be considered little short of a crime against the people.

In the face of a clear and unquestionable need for an early session the country has been deluged with propaganda directed against the reconvening of Congress before December. It is asserted, though no proof is offered, that business would suffer with Congress in session, and, conversely, that business would improve if the Senate and the House were to take a long vacation. If it is true that business would improve with Congress out of the way, why did this not happen in the last half of 1930, when, except for the month of December, Congress was in recess? The answer is that the real reason for business depression must be sought elsewhere than on Capitol Hill. Nevertheless, the propaganda continues to be poured out upon us. Some days ago the Chamber of Commerce of the United States published a number of letters from commercial organizations with a view to showing how widely and doggedly the business interests are opposed to an early session. Unfortunately, almost all the letters dealt in vague generalities, advancing no tangible or coherent reasons for this opposition, while a few of the letter-writers, notably the oil people, went so far as to admit they might favor an extra session should it appear that they stood a fair chance of getting special legislation favoring their industry. Finally, the Bristol, Connecticut, Chamber of Commerce gave the show away by confessing that an early session was opposed, "not because Congress would not help in fact, but because too many people think it would not help." In other words, the business community has hurt itself by creating the myth that an early session of Congress would be a dangerous thing.

However, the newspapers and the business men are not alone in their opposition to an early session. The politicians stand with the business interests in this matter because they are afraid of having the spotlight of publicity played upon their many shortcomings too strongly at this time. Mr. Hoover, for example, would enjoy an extended rest from the searching questions and embarrassing speeches of Senator La Follette and others, who in the last few months have been doing notable work in exposing the President's complete lack of understanding of the grave economic and social problems facing the country. Most of the Republicans want a long recess to cover up their domestic quarrels as well as to disguise their lack of leadership and a program. The same is true of the Democrats, who, though they could force an extra session, do not want to reveal too soon to the people who voted Democratic in 1930 that they have no program and have not the slightest idea as to how they might improve upon the work of the Republicans who were repudiated at the polls last November. Only the insurgents of the two parties are desirous of having an early session, and it is after all to these Progressives, or to at least a few of them, that we must look for the energy and leadership necessary to make an extra session or any other session of Congress worth while.

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Not a Dollar

IF the American people have any sense about their navy, they will not allow a dollar to be spent on building it up to the limit allowed by the London naval treaty. Undersecretary of the Treasury Mills now estimates the deficit for the year at not less than $500,000,000, as against Secretary Mellon's earlier estimate of $375,000,000, and declares that the year is going to show an actual increase of the public debt. Everyone agrees on the need for the wisest economy in public expenditures. Yet a bill appropriating $30,000,000 to modernize the three old battleships New Mexico, Mississippi, and Idaho was passed by the Senate on January 16 with only thirteen opposing votes. A navy building bill calling for $74,000,000 during the coming year as one step toward building up to the London-treaty standard has been reported in both houses, and the big-navy advocates are trying to get action despite their fear that such an attempt may cause a legislative jam and help bring on the dreaded extra session. This modernizing and building expenditure of $104,000,000, it is to be noted, is in addition to the regular naval-supply bill, which, as passed by the House, still calls for $349,000,000 despite cuts of $31,000,000 effected by the friends of common sense in part as a result of actual reductions in the fighting establishment.

In his letter to the House Committee on Naval Affairs in December, Admiral Pratt, chief of naval operations, estimated the cost of building up to the treaty limit at $1,100,000,000, or $1,250,000,000 if the air service be included. As Representative French, chairman of the Naval Appropriations Subcommittee, pointed out in a notable speech opening the debate on the naval bill, such an undertaking would mean an annual appropriation for fighting craft of $125,000,000 to $150,000,000, and would raise the total annual burden of naval appropriations from its eight-year average of about $350,000,000 to something between $500,000,000 and $600,000,000.

> Do the gentlemen hail the London conference a success [demanded the Idaho representative] who see only that it means multiplying in this enormous fashion the cost of naval armaments? It would be a perversion of the magnificent work of President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald and the able delegates to the London conference to transform a limitations agreement into a mandate for expansion programs.

Well spoken! Yet men like Senator Goff and Representative Britten have the effrontery to suggest that failure to build up to the allowed limit is in some way a breach of the obligation of the treaty.

Not one good reason can be given for spending a single dollar in building up to that limit. To spend public money building useless and injurious fighting enginery in order to give employment to labor is a very bad reason. Nobody imagines that we are now in imminent danger of naval attack. The one substantial result of the Washington and London conferences and the visit of Prime Minister MacDonald was to wipe out the unreasoning distrust and fear of Japan and Great Britain that had been so sedulously worked up; and unless we have someone to be afraid of, the great reason for increasing naval strength is gone. To think that we must have a navy as big as Great Britain's just because we are rich and powerful is simply childish. The notion of building up so that we may have a club to bluff other less righteous nations into reducing has no warrant in either reason or experience.

The reasons against such a course, on the other hand, are overwhelming. We pass over the tax burden and the economic cost to touch on a more important consideration. After a succession of fruitless international conferences, in spite of peace pacts, the nations still pile up armaments and train fighting men. In a recent notable address Foreign Secretary Arthur Henderson declared: "If the peoples want disarmament they can have it." If they do not take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the world disarmament conference a year hence, he goes on, it may never return. But we have a chance, here and now, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, to do something tangible and prove our faith (if so be we have faith) by our works. For us to say roundly that we refuse to build up to the treaty limit, and instead for us to push just as far and as fast as we can in reducing fighting personnel and material without timorous reference to what other nations do, would give to the peace forces of Europe a support worth a dozen naval conferences with their endless bargaining and intrigue. Now is the time to give hearty popular backing to Chairman French in his opposition to an unnecessary building program and his practical measures of naval reduction, however small. The time has come to do something for peace, if we care for peace.

The Mask Is Off

IT is hard to imagine anyone so stupid as not to be able to see clean through the latest attempt at Washington to fend off the Russian menace. Commissioner Eble, head of the customs service, announces that he has found, "upon the basis of evidence which has been presented" to him but which is carefully withheld because it may have to be submitted to the courts, that "convict labor is used in the production of lumber and pulpwood" in certain designated districts of Russia; and he accordingly proposes to put into effect at once, with Secretary Mellon's approval, a Treasury regulation of last November forbidding the importation of any kind of merchandise mined, produced, or manufactured by convict labor "unless the importer establishes by a preponderance of evidence" that such labor was not used in the case of the particular merchandise he wishes to bring in. Actually, the regulation will not become operative until sometime in the spring or early summer, since the Russian districts specified are at present icebound and no shipments, it is said, are in transit.

The commissioner's dictum is not the whole story, however. The Ways and Means Committee of the House has just reported a bill (quite an unusual proceeding, it may be pointed out in passing, since important legislation is rarely brought forward so near the end of a session) amending the tariff act so as to prohibit the importation of "all goods, wares, articles, and merchandise mined, produced, manufactured, transported, handled, loaded, or unloaded wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor or/and

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forced labor or/and indentured labor." The term "forced labor," as used in the bill, "shall mean all work or service which is exacted from any person under the menace of any penalty for its non-performance and for which the worker does not offer himself voluntarily." The prohibition is to go into effect on April 1, but the bill hastens to add the proviso, glowing with exalted patriotism and fairly sweating with high morality, that "in no case shall such provision be applicable to goods, wares, articles, or merchandise so mined, produced, manufactured, transported, handled, loaded, or unloaded which are not mined, produced, or manufactured in such quantities in the United States as to meet the consumptive demands of the United States."

The regulation and the bill are a worthy pair. Until Mr. Eble discovered his "evidence," the Treasury Department did not know, and was admittedly unable to find out, whether Russian lumber and pulpwood are or are not produced by convict labor. It did know, however, that labor in Russia, while certainly not voluntary, was able to produce lumber and pulpwood that could be laid down in the United States at lower prices than were asked for the same commodities imported from Canada or elsewhere, and that the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association and affiliated industries have been moving heaven and earth to have the Russian products kept out. It accordingly decides, upon evidence which it withholds, that convict labor is used in producing those articles, and throws upon the importer the burden of proving the contrary. As for the House bill, it is an international affront and a brazen political subterfuge. Congress is to rise in its might and debar from the country any article which the hands of an involuntary worker have touched, unless the article is needed to piece out a deficient domestic supply; then labor may lay its involuntary hands all over the article, mine or fashion it, mark and transport it, and it will be welcomed as an altogether decent thing for Americans to have. Keep out Russian goods when we don't need them, let them in when we do: such is the new trade morality, Washington style.

If Mr. Eble's order stands and the House bill becomes law, there ought to be some interesting news before long. We ought to know whether an administrative official has a right to affirm as a fact what is not assuredly known by others to be such, keep his evidence to himself until the courts drag it out of him, and in the meantime put all the burden of proof on the importer and arbitrarily exclude his shipments. Somebody, we hope, will hasten to bring Mr. Eble into court and try to find out where the public stands. We ought to know whether Mr. Hoover thinks that business recovery will be hastened by stirring up a first-class row between the protected lumber manufacturers and concerns like the International Paper and Power Company which would like to use Russian pulpwood, or by jeopardizing a Russo-American trade said to have been worth last year about $150,000,000. We certainly ought to know whether Congress proposes to get after the Sumatra tobacco people, as it is being urged to do, and others whose imported products smell more or less of involuntary labor, or whether it means merely to strike a blow at Russia and throws in the rest of its rhetoric as a blind. We strongly suspect that this latter is exactly what is intended. A good deal of pretty straightforward evidence, at least, will be required to prove that it is not.

Heard Across the World

OF the eighteen and a half million Roman Catholics in the United States it is safe to say that every one who could get near a radio on February 12 listened with devotion to the address of His Holiness sent over the air. This is as it should be. What is more interesting is that a goodly number of the remaining 100,000,000 non-Catholics listened also; so that 150 radio stations transmitted not only the address itself in the original Latin but the various translations, which altogether took several hours of valuable radio time and space. The world listened to this one man—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, South America, India, Russia, England, France, the remnants of the Austrian empire, the devout countries of Southern Europe—they all listened in with varying degrees of success. Senator Marconi, introducing the Pope, said: "Holy Father, I consign to Your Holiness the work intrusted to me. Be pleased, I pray you, to let your voice be heard across the world."

What was it that they heard? They heard an apostrophe to all the creatures of the earth, to God on High, to believers, to the Catholic hierarchy, to missionaries, to rich and poor, to employer and employed, to the afflicted, and to those outside the true faith. God was praised; the others were urged to believe in Him and His holy Agent, to do good to one another, to be just, obedient, humble, forbearing, to pray for righteousness. A message, in short, from another world to this one. A message that ignored the business depression, the "jazz" age, the spread of agnosticism, the temporal values that intrude so constantly on a troubled earth, and instead addressed itself purely to the things of the spirit. It is the strength of the Catholic church that it has the authority and the power to make such an address sublime rather than ridiculous.

It is plain that the Pope chose things to discuss that would be acceptable to most persons, whatever their station or belief. Listening Communists, if any listened, would doubtless have taken sharp issue with him. Others, whether Catholic or not, would be respectful, would agree that peace and justice and prayer were on the whole good things, no matter where they came from. Even agnostics, interpreting the address in their own way, could approve of the spirit if not the letter. The radio address comes on the heels of the Pope's encyclical. It is evident that the Pope is using his new freedom from the Vatican, his new dignity as sovereign of a state, to extend his power, to widen his influence. There will be plenty of persons who will watch with alarm any attempt to augment the enormous authority of the Catholic church. And in an age when Protestantism is at its weakest and wateriest, there may be cause for their fears. It is evident that when the Pope, from his high place, speaks as grandly as twice lately he has spoken, when sentences roll from him so much more lofty than the sentences of any other public man, his words must carry weight. There is no reason to believe that His Holiness does not himself write his addresses; but whoever writes them is a fine phrase-maker, an able rhetorician, a master-player on the attentions of a large audience. Shall we have a Catholic revival therefore? We can only wait and see.

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Young for President?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 14

EVERYONE who understands Presidential politics has known for some time that Owen D. Young is a candidate for the Democratic nomination. His candidacy now stands fairly revealed. Mr. Young himself revealed it a few days ago in the traditional manner—by declaring that he was not a candidate, and proceeding at once to deliver campaign speeches on the soldier bonus, stock speculation, and bank regulation. For more than a year it has been obvious that the Republican Party is rapidly falling to pieces. It has undergone vicissitudes before, as in 1912, but this is different. Its Eastern and Western branches are divided by a conflict of economic interests which cannot be reconciled. Its machinery is in the hands of fourth-raters—men whom Boies Penrose, Murray Crane, or Mark Hanna would hardly have trusted to carry a ward. To the business interests which always have been the backbone of its support it is now plain that the party has ceased to function and can no longer deliver. Hence they are ready to jump to one that can, provided they are assured it will deliver for them. The nomination of Mr. Young would furnish that assurance. It is true that some of the older industrial cutthroats feel that his views on such subjects as labor and utility valuation are a trifle unorthodox, and by the same token the usual quota of dilettante liberals are ready to discover messianic traits in him. Both groups do him injustice. If anyone can find in the history of Standard Oil or steel more ruthless examples of buccaneering than attended the rise of the Radio Corporation under Mr. Young's enlightened guidance, I should like to hear of them. Let no one underestimate his capacity. A smoother piece of high-powered machinery has seldom been seen in action. He has brains, nerve, and presence, and he is one of the best showmen since Barnum. If he can get the Democratic nomination there is every reason to expect that he will wipe up the earth with poor Herbert. I am aware that I have heretofore expressed a contrary opinion, and I hereby retract it unqualifiedly. The political acumen which pervades the Hoover camp is fairly measured by the fact that Bob Lucas and Walter Newton, two of its giant strategists, are firmly convinced that Al Smith will be the Democratic nominee and are making their plans accordingly. By the end of the year they should have enough anti-Catholic literature stored up to heat the offices of the Republican National Committee until 1940. Until recently it seemed unlikely that Young could get the Democratic nomination, but the present demeanor of Joe Robinson and Pat Harrison indicates that the Southerners are being rounded up. Governor Roosevelt remains in the way, but the combined artillery of Raskob, Baruch, and Tammany may account for him. With the Democratic Party going Republican and the Republican Party going to the dogs, God only knows where honest men may turn. But it is a comfort to reflect that out of just such situations come new party alignments. Possibly such a development may not be so far off as we have believed.

THE cat-and-dog fight over relief for hungry drought victims has ended, and scores of newspapers with their usual candor and discernment are describing the outcome as "a victory for the President." Let us see. The battle started when President Hoover, Secretary Hyde, and the Republican leaders in the House flatly rejected the Senate proposal to appropriate $15,000,000 for food loans, Secretary Hyde and Majority Leader Tilson denouncing it as a "dole" and President Hoover assailing its sponsors for "playing politics with human misery." The fight ended with the President and his supporters "compromising" with the Senate on an appropriation of $20,000,000 for the same purpose. Nevertheless, although the Senate Democrats obtained $5,000,000 more than they asked originally, it was a sorry victory. They could have got much more, not only for drought sufferers but also for the hungry millions in the cities. They had the Administration licked to a frazzle, its shoulders on the ground, its tongue hanging out and its breath coming in short gasps, when someone arrived and pulled them off. That someone was Harvey Crowley Couch. Who is Mr. Couch? Well, he is a number of things, some of which prompted him to help the Administration and some of which enabled him to do so. First, he is a personal friend of Mr. Hoover. Second, he is president of the Arkansas Power and Light Company and the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway, and a director in two Arkansas banks. Third, he is perhaps the most important client of the law firm of Robinson, House, and Moses, whose senior partner is Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, the minority leader in the Senate. The combination was enough. Overnight the lion of the Senate became the lamb of Little Rock. After storming around the Senate floor for days and leading his followers out to the extreme tip of the longest limb, he scuttled back and sawed it off under them. Poor Senator Caraway, whose earnestness no one could doubt, found himself "on the spot" for fair. He had to go with Robinson or be blamed in Arkansas for opposing relief. Thereafter the Old Guard sat and chuckled while the Democratic leader assumed the burden of defending the Administration. Of course, it is entitled to some defense in the Senate, and there are times when even Jim Watson or George Moses is unwilling to undertake the task.

* * * * *

THAT is saying much, especially where Moses is concerned. As a rule the New Hampshire wisecracker is not squeamish. He proved that again by inserting in the *Congressional Record* a misleading expense account of Senator Nye and his committee on campaign expenditures. Senator Nye as chairman naturally paid most of the committee's bills and the bills of its employees. The account, inserted into the *Record,* supplied a basis for whispered stories that Nye had lived sumptuously at public expense while conducting the investigation. Within less than a week that insinuation was publicly made on the floor of the House by the publicity-seeking Underhill of Massachusetts. It is possible that

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Moses also hoped to discourage Nye from going to Montana, a State which Moses visited during the last campaign and from which he departed under circumstances that the Nye committee has been urged to investigate. If so, he made a mistake. Nye is going to Montana. Then perhaps we shall learn how sumptuously Moses lives while on campaign tours—and at whose expense. Senator Nye is a young man, and inexperience sometimes has led him into errors of judgment, but he has kept his head remarkably well considering the systematic campaign of lying and abuse to which he and his assistants have been subjected. I am puzzled by the venom and persistence of this campaign. Much of it undoubtedly has resulted from the McCormick influence, but I suspect something more is behind it. Somebody is out to "get" Nye in North Dakota.

* * * * *

THE capital buzzes with news, not all of it reassuring to those who love good government or even common decency, but most of it exciting. The report that Vice-President Curtis will retire voluntarily at the end of his term and seek reelection to the Senate appears more plausible every day. He can be virtually certain of returning to the Senate, and "Egg Charlie" knows his politics too well to think that Mr. Hoover's running mate in 1932 will have any such chance. The post-office-lease scandal has boiled over at last, involving the names of former Postmaster General New and the late Secretary of War Good in the charge of "chloroforming" a grand-jury investigation that might have interfered seriously with the Republican Presidential campaign in the Northwest in 1928. Postmaster General Brown has refused to give the Blaine committee information which he got through a survey of post-office leases, on the ground that it might tip off the owners that the government considered purchasing the property, although much of the information was obtained from the owners, and probably they would learn of the government's intentions when it opened negotiations with them. Mr. Brown is exhibiting all the truculence of a man who wishes to conceal anxiety. Joe Tumulty is having a lot of fun by putting on a grave face when he meets admirers of Dwight Morrow and asking them when Morrow's term in the Senate begins. Most of them start to explain that he has been in the Senate since December before they realize that Joe is a practical joker. I can testify that Senator Morrow is on the job sufficiently to vote. He voted against recalling confirmation of the power commissioners; he voted against the original food-relief appropriation for drought victims, and he voted to confirm "Beet Sugar" Brossard for the Tariff Commission. His voting record would indicate that he is slightly less liberal than Bingham of Connecticut or Kean of New Jersey, and slightly more effective than Patterson of Missouri or Glenn of Illinois. But give the little man a chance. It takes a new Senator a few months to learn right from wrong.

Soup Line in Seattle

By GARLAND O. ETHEL

Seattle, February 6

Prosperity is coming to us precisely because our ideals are not materialistic. It is coming to us because we are pursuing the exalted ideal of equality under liberty, as it must of necessity come to any nation that pursues that ideal whole-heartedly and enthusiastically. . . . All these things are being added to us precisely because we are seeking the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as they are always added, and must of logical necessity always be added, unto any nation that seeks those ideals of justice which are the very essence of the Kingdom of God.*

THE afternoon of the twenty-sixth was less cloudy than the usual December day in Seattle. With a hoarded growth of whiskers, the worst clothes available, my glasses in an inside coat pocket, and with an extinct cigarette on my lip, I shuffled down Yesler Way.

Just across from the old Seattle Hotel and a block from the L. C. Smith building, at the dividing line between the haunts of the homeless and the respectables, stood a tall, pale blond girl of about twenty, offering papers for sale. She never spoke to anyone. She merely made a weak gesture of offering and then drew back. I leaned against a building and pretended to watch some pigeons on the street. Twenty minutes passed and not a paper was sold. The girl wore loggers' high boots with the calks removed and heavy gray men's socks. Her short skirt was cheap, old, and hard-worn but thick. The upper part of her body was covered with a man's heavy blue coat sweater, out at the elbows. She wore no hat, and the cold wind sweeping up from the sound sent her faded bobbed hair flying about her face. Pale blue eyes seemed even paler in an ashen face, against which a nose purpled by cold stood out in painfully ludicrous prominence. I noticed that she wore a wedding ring. A young married woman selling papers below the line is something new.

A well-fed Salvation Army man waddled by with a few remaining copies of the *War Cry*. He had been peddling them uptown. I followed him to the next corner where I stopped to inspect a group of men outside an employment agency. No one was paying any attention to the blackboard upon which were chalked notices of two jobs—one for a girl as general housemaid, the other for a combination meat cutter and clerk in a country store. There had been no erasures and no deletions; there were just two jobs. On that corner stood or leaned thirty-seven men. They moved only to shift weight from one foot to the other, and no one talked except a German and a Swede who were discussing German reparations. After a time my eye fell upon a big, green, wooden sidewalk sign upon which in gray letters was stenciled an invitation for men between eighteen and thirty-five to join the army. A list of camps and forts, chiefly in warm places, was followed by the assurance that soldiers get regular pay, plus free meals, clothes, housing, and medical attention.

* "The Present Economic Revolution." By Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard University.

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Inside the agency 150 men or more stood about. There were no chairs except at the card tables. Apart from the players discussing the game there was but one conversation in the whole place. A foreigner, possibly a Finn, was talking about Russia to a big fellow who only listened. The speaker was not certain of what was happening in Russia, but he expressed the hope that a good society was being created.

After a while I left and went into the public latrine at Pioneer Square to write up a few notes. When I had finished, a rather well-dressed and freshly shaved man came in. I decided to question him to get a sample of the business man's attitude toward a stiff hunting work. With the directness that prevails on the Skid Road I asked: "Do you know of a loose job anywhere?" I had expected at most gruffness and a "No." But the man smiled in a friendly enough way, though wistfully, and answered: "No, brother, jobs are pretty scarce I guess." "I'd like to find one," I said. "So would I," he replied. "I've been hunting one for six months."

What mutual aid the unemployed offer is not great, but a simple sympathy prevails among them. They are all in the same boat whether they wear white collars or not. This I confirmed repeatedly as I made the rounds of the single-counter employment agencies, always to be found in a combination cardroom and eating place. It was in such places that I found for the first time white-collar men and working stiffs associating as equals. On the job there is always a barrier between them. The time-keeper and clerk, though perhaps drawing smaller wages, regard themselves as superiors, as embryonic captains, or at least corporals, of industry. The real worker who lives by his hands may be no social revolutionary, but a white collar is emblematic of the boss and the boss class. Consequently the starveling clerk with soft hands is at once looked down upon as being no man and as belonging to the enemy group. But misery has amalgamated these hitherto separate elements. A man who hangs out at one of the Skid Road dumps, even though his collar is or once was white, stamps himself as out of a job. There is a brusqueness in the parsimonious speech among the unemployed but few harsh words. It is among employed workers that one finds brawling.

There is very little drinking among the unemployed. Bootlegging, apparently, is a poor racket below the line these days. Out of hundreds of men I saw only one drunk. The lunch-counter man treated the fellow as an old-timer. The bona fide jobless aren't boozing. They have a hard enough time getting something to eat.

Seattle, whose newspapers brag daily of the least unemployment of any city on the coast, takes a proper civic pride in her soup lines. The biggest and best is the one sponsored by the Scripps paper, the *Star*, which boasts that any hungry man can get one "square meal" a day. This philanthropic enterprise is housed in the National Guard Armory, a block north of the famed Pike Place Market, where hundreds of stalls display food so attractive that a man who has just eaten will grow hungry from looking. It is past this that two thousand or more go daily on the trudge to the soup line from the Skid Road district approximately a mile south of the armory. At 3:45 I joined the thin stream of men going northward for the daily feed at 4:30. I had already noticed how the South End pawnshops bulged with suits and overcoats. Of those men moving toward the armory not many wore overcoats. The pawnshops had them.

I arrived at the armory at 4:10 and took my place in one of the roped-off lanes. This soup-line standing was the most interesting of all, because the men talked. I could hear the comments of about two dozen men. Their talk was mostly of food and a flop. Five of those I could hear discussed our social order. Of them the most interesting was a husky Negro Communist about forty years old. When I appeared the debate was already on. Two white-collar men, one of whom wore an overcoat, were the Negro's opponents. One fellow of about twenty-five was saying: "I'll tell you what's wrong with this country. There's too many millionaires. There ought to be a law to keep a man from gettin' more'n half a million. Them millionaires gits all the money and locks it up in banks, and keep it from circulatin'. That's what makes hard times. There ought to be a law against it." The other white-collar objected: "That'ud help maybe, but that's socialism. We don't want to go dividin' up. What a man gits he wants to keep. No, socialism won't work, it ain't human nature."

The Negro broke in scornfully: "Yes, you guys knows a lot, you does. What has you-all got to divide up? Standin' room in a soup line. Say, boy, long as folks talks that way, th' workin'man won't git nothin' bettern' a soup line. That's the way ya' bin talkin' evah sence ya' was bohn, an what'a ya' got now? A soup line!" The anti-socialist answered him: "You'd better keep your mouth shut or you won't be in a soup line, you'll be in jail." "Jail?" came back the Negro, "jail? Say, boy, dat doan skeer me a bit, Ah's bin in jail befoh. Ah's bin beat ovah th' haid with a policeman's club, Ah's bin kicked in the ribs an' beat up when Ah went demonstratin'. Ah's bin a-talkin' like dis foh a long time, an' Ah ain't a-goin' to do no shuttin' up now. No siree!" Then the prohibitor of millionaires spoke up. He began with the comic-strip expression: "Oh, yeah? You I. W. W.'s make me sick. What good can you do marchin' to the City Hall? Why ya' didn't even git there. I seen ya' last May, th' cops took care of ya' all right. Ya' failed, didn't ya'?" He turned and grinned at me, as much as to say, "I told him a few things, didn't I?" But the Negro was not downed. He laughed and answered: "So you says we failed, does you? Well, if you calls standin' up and fightin' like a man an' gittin' yo' haid broke in th' class wah failin', then we failed, but Ah doan call it no failin'. In de next place it wasn't de I. W. W.'s dat de police done beat up. Th' wobblies ain't no fightin' organization now, the fights all outen'em." Then he bristled up as he remembered the taunt about failure. "So you-all says we failed? Ah'll tell ya' why. We failed 'cause you was agin us. Wasn't ya'? Ya' was *agin* us, *wasn't* ya'? Tell me." And the other proudly answered: "Sure I was against you. Do you think I want people goin' around tearin' down th' government?" This is what the Negro expected and wanted. "Sure you was aginst us. Doan Ah know it? You're aginst us when we's fightin' yo' battle foh you, cause ya' ain't got th' sense to fight it foh yo'sef. Ah's a carpenter, an Ah could git good wages a-scabbin' on th' white men, but Ah ain't done it. We's bin fightin' foh ya, an say listen, boy, if ya had a dollah foh ev'y man that's been

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shot an' put in jail, beat up and deported fightin' yo' battle foh ya' in th' past thirty yeahs, you wouldn't be standin' in no soup line, you-all would be a-ridin' in a big limousine, a-smokin' big seegars an' a-wantin' t' spit on de people on de street corners."

The white men apparently decided to ignore the Negro. After a moment's silence I spoke to him to inquire if there was a Salvation Army bread line in town. "Yes," he said, "they's got some kind o' outfit but Ah doan have nothin' t' do with dem drum-beatin' Jesus-jazzers. Does you-all think Ah wants t' go t' heaven, with folks dat supports dem dat beat ya, tars an' feathers ya, shoots ya, burns ya at de stake, does ever thing to ya but *eat* ya? Dey's just de capitalists' hallelujah gang dat preaches salvation so's you'll forgit de empty stomach. Does dey tells ya about science an' brains curin' de world so's any man can live decent? No, dey tells ya to repent foh bein' a sinnah—foh bein' hungry, Ah guess. Dat's de' wors' sinnin' Ah done seen foh a long time."

A man on the other side of the rope gave me some information. Both the Salvation Army and the Volunteers of America had soup lines, but you had to attend the preaching and hymn-singing before you could eat. "And the grub's rotten, a lot worse than this." Another man spoke up, and tilted his head toward the Negro. "I feel just like him about them religious birds. They git the right to fill city jobs, that the law says must pay four-fifty a day. They give the jobs to stiffs for six days, but the stiff gits a dollar a day, and th' organization pockets three-fifty." "Same graft in Spokane, I had one of th' jobs," another man chimed in. "Where does the money go? Not in the soup, just try to taste it there." At least a dozen men heard these remarks without dissent, and a good many took the trouble to curse and rail at the religious crowd.

I turned to a man just behind me and asked: "Do you think these soup lines will last all winter? They're goin' to cost a lotta dough." "Oh, yes, they'll last," he solemnly assured me, "they *gotta* last. Why all us stiffs would go t' breakin' windows for grub, if they didn't." A fellow next him confirmed the statement. "Sure, we ain't gonna start sompin' as long as the slum's dished out each day. But I ain't gonna starve, an' the rest of us bums ain't." By this time the line had moved up to the great basins into which the food was poured from twenty-gallon milk cans. As each man filed by he was handed a tin pie pan and warned not to spill his portion, which at this point was poured in the pie tin, army fashion. One ladle, filling the pan about three-fourths full, was dished out to each man. He was herded quickly to a high table where he ate standing up. At each plate were three slices of bread, a cup of water sufficiently colored to taste bad, and a piece of pumpkin pie, evidently a restaurant left-over from Christmas. The pie was good but the slum was as vile as the word sounds. The mess was grayish-brown, of gravy-like consistency. In my plate I counted exactly seven brown beans, one slice of carrot, and a layer of onion. There was one piece of ham about the size of a marble. Occasionally I found soft lumps of something genuinely sickening when tasted. These seemed to be mushy remnants of overboiled potatoes that had begun to rot. The coffee was undrinkable, yet everybody except me drank it. I watched the men at my table. They ate hungrily and without making faces over the evil-tasting lumps. What spoons would not collect from the pans, pieces of bread absorbed. When those men finished, one could hardly tell that the pans had ever contained food. I picked up my plate and cup to deposit them in the big receiving cans. Two pieces of bread were remaining where I stood. Across the boards from me stood a grizzled man of sixty. He asked in an astonished voice, "Don't you want that *bread*?" "No," I replied, "take it." He reached a knotted and warped hand eagerly across the table, seized the bread, and slipped it in his coat pocket. "Thanks, I'll be able to sleep better with that to eat at night. I get right smart empty an' it's hard to sleep when you're hungry."

I dropped my plate and cup in the proper receptacles and passed out of the building to the parapet where those who had eaten stood about for a few moments lighting cigarette butts before departing to hunt a place to sleep. I slipped about and inquired of men what their experience with the religious organizations had been. Without exception they were bitter against those who dealt in salvation at a profit. Again and again the story of the city jobs and the religious crowd's rake-off of $3.50 on each day's work came up.

Of others I asked where they slept. There were several places where a stiff could flop on the floor, and one place had beds, but I was warned to go there early if I expected to get a bunk. I offered Bull Durham to one broad-shouldered man not yet thirty. "Thanks," he said, "but I never learned to roll 'em. I spill the tobacco." I reached in my coat pocket and fished out a loose Camel, and offered it. "Oh, no, really, I can't take your tailor-made." I urged him, saying, "Go ahead, the Bull does me fine." He took the cigarette, lit it from mine, inhaled deeply, and then broke into the blandest smile. "God, but that tastes good!" He shook his head in appreciation. "It's days since I've had a smoke." We started talking. He had formerly tempered axles in the Oldsmobile plant, but had been out of a job since March. Bit by bit he had moved toward the Pacific Coast, and once in California got a solid four days' work in an orange grove. That had been his longest job in ten months. I asked what he planned to do. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Just try to keep from starving to death and wait for the breaks."

After checking up on the alleged repeaters I started home. At Third and Union, across from the Post Office, a gaunt unshaven man in a dyed army overcoat was selling apples at the entrance of an empty shop. I approached him with a "Say, brother, gim'me a tip on this apple racket. I'm out of a job." "Shore, I'll tell ya', but there hain't much in it. Ya' gits th' apples from th' commission houses on Western near th' waterfront. They cost a dollar an' a half a box. I been here sence eight o'clock this mornin', an' I've just sold enough t' pay for th' box." It was then six o'clock. But it was a bad day, he assured me, as it was just after Christmas. "On good days," he said, "I gen-er'ly clear a dollar." I asked if he were married. "Shore enough! got three nice smart kids, too. Oldest 'un's eight. Th' missus an' them's livin' with her folks in Hillyard. There's no cookin' job around there—that's what I am, first cook—can do pastry, too. I send th' missus what I make. Livin's pretty cheap fer me. I batch in a little room, an' they gives me most of my grub at the commission house, stuff they can't sell, but it's nice of 'em anyway."

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Portrait of a Chancellor

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FROM the grave Prince von Bülow has struck a deadly blow at his own reputation through the posthumous publication of his autobiography, the first two volumes of which have now appeared.* Written during the years from 1921 to 1926, in return for a yearly income guaranteed by the great Ullstein publishing house as long as he might live, Prince von Bülow stipulated only that they should not appear until a decent time after his death. It would have been infinitely better for his own reputation had he chosen instead to live in poverty and suppress any desire to record for publication his observations of men and affairs, for what is now published has deeply shocked even his greatest admirers and warmest friends. This self-portrayal is even more devastating than our own Colonel House's revelation (with the aid of Professor Seymour) of the utter threadbareness of his own self-assumed statesmanship and his lack, at times, even of sincerity. But von Bülow's revelations have, of course, far greater importance, not because he played a large role during the World War—which he did not—but because he was one of the most important actors in the pre-war drama. Under him Germany finally broke with the Bismarckian policies and, turning her back upon England and Russia, embarked upon the course which led to the destruction of the empire and the greatest disaster which has overtaken a proud people in modern times—unless that of Russia was greater.

Von Bülow himself was a man of great charm and most attractive personality. There is no doubt that when he entered a room he became truly "the life of the party." No one else had more attractive manners. No one else was a more delightful conversationalist. No one else could garnish his utterances with so many anecdotes of the great or so many apropos quotations. He was the man of the world, the courtier *par excellence,* and there is no doubt that his tact and *savoir faire* stood his emperor and country in good stead on many occasions. But in these volumes that charm is much attenuated. It is true that "I remember" and "I recollect" appear frequently to usher in interesting quotations and gossip, but often they lack their old authority, and always the Prince's personal magnetism is sorely lacking. Frequently his stories are weakened by "if I remember correctly," "if my memory has not played me false," "I think it was Metternich who said." The gossip is often profoundly interesting, as are also his characterizations of the public personages of all nations with whom he came into contact. Some of these, notably his bitter judgments of the leaders of the revolution of 1918, his publishers, in their foreword, tell us he revised radically in the third volume which is still to appear.

Thus, when von Bülow began to write, Ebert, the harness-maker who succeeded the divinely inspired Kaiser—as perfect a bit of historical juxtaposition and satire as history records—was a dreadful person fit only to be utterly scorned. Later the Prince came to a juster view. Ebert became for him a man of "natural dignity and sound sense"—even "proof" that "in our, oh, so unpolitical Germany, the working class can supply strong political talents, characters worthy of all respect, and distinguished party leaders." How different would have been the history and fate of Germany if Bismarck, as well as the Kaiser and von Bülow, could have realized this truth in his time of power! But von Bülow at the helm was the aristocrat who knew only how to play the old diplomatic game with most delightful manners, but without wisdom, without force, without the divination and strategy in foreign affairs of Bismarck. Von Bülow, it now clearly appears, was outmaneuvered and out-trumped and was even unaware of much that was going on which was of vital importance. All of this he is unable to conceal, although these volumes are meant, like Bismarck's recollections and self-defense, to prove that he was always right and everybody else wrong; the book teems with bitter attacks upon men living and dead, some of whom, like the distinguished Professor Adolf von Harnack, he lays out cold and beyond all human aid.

Without doubt von Bülow's most serious dereliction was in permitting the English to ally themselves with the French by his failure to react to Chamberlain's and Lansdowne's proposals from 1899 on for an Anglo-German alliance. Theodor Wolff, who was for years in von Bülow's confidence and published immediately after the Prince's death a long letter to himself from von Bülow on this question, declares that the chapter which von Bülow devotes to the subject is "much more full of holes, much weaker, and certainly less interesting" than his previous defenses. Wolff declares, of his own knowledge, that von Bülow's statement that he was aware of the British double-dealing in the matter of the Portuguese colonies when making treaties with Germany and Portugal is false. Von Bülow did not hear of it until long afterwards; hence he could not truthfully explain his rejection of the British offers of a hard and fast alliance by declaring, as he does, that he had lost faith in English sincerity and integrity. Of course, if he had accepted the British offers, there would have been no World War; or, if there had been, England would have fought beside Germany. The terrible fact—terrible from the point of view of the German people—is that under the Kaiser and his chancellors the alliances with Russia and England collapsed, and the German fleet-maniacs, with their anti-English slant, separated farther the two great countries which should always have been the warmest friends.

Von Bülow's admission that "English opinion was much less anti-German than German opinion was anti-English" speaks for itself. He and the Kaiser could have stopped that had they wished to do so. But, as von Bülow shows, the Kaiser more and more alienated his royal English relatives while von Bülow was messing things diplomatically. Finally, as this princely autobiographer also admits: "We [the Germans] gradually got on the nerves of the world, and we ourselves did not even notice this until the end of

* "Denkwürdigkeiten von Bernhard, Fürst von Bülow." Berlin: Verlag Ullstein. The English translation is announced for publication on May 1 by Little, Brown and Company.

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the war." It is impossible to read these memoirs without realizing that much as von Bülow may lay the blame for this upon others, he must bear his share of the responsibility. Indeed, no honest German who peruses these books can fail to hold von Bülow in large measure to blame for Germany's disaster. This is the brand he has now definitively put upon himself. He paved the way! How far his Italian wife and associations were responsible for this grasping at the shadow of the Triple Alliance and losing the substance of an English and Russian entente, it is not easy to say. Of course, in the memoirs, he sought to make it appear that he knew well what kind of a damosel the Italian beauty was, and how she could play fast and loose. However, he thought her worth the courting for all her frailty, and plainly preferred her to the virtuous and cold and calculating British matron whose advances he scorned. This whole additional picture of what European politics were like before the catastrophe, and of the kind of men who carried the fates of nations in their hands and played with them, portrays anew the inefficiency and criminal irresponsibility of the old statesmanship, which future generations will surely find impossible to understand or believe.

As for the Kaiser, these reminiscences have struck him another deadly blow. They more than confirm the portrait of him painted by Emil Ludwig. At the same time, what von Bülow wrote about his former sovereign has done the dead Prince more harm than anything else in these self-damning volumes—even in the eyes of the great multitude of Germans who have no use whatever for the Kaiser. For here was a man who toadied incessantly to his liege lord—even to the kissing of his hand. The days when the Kaiser distinguished von Bülow in one way or another are written down here as among the greatest in the latter's life; as when the Kaiser graciously allowed him to ride with him past the front of von Bülow's old regiment, the Königshusaren, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its being stationed at Bonn. The Kaiser then made von Bülow, to his joy, an honorary colonel with the right to wear the uniform of his former regiment.

I find it impossible not to see a distinct strain of hypocrisy in von Bülow's discussions of the Kaiser, for frequently after writing fearful things about him he adds phrases like "but he was such a charming man"; or, "his abilities were so distinguished"; or, "he was often so remarkable." It is right to admit that the Kaiser was a fascinating, a gracious, sometimes a generous person, but the way this bootlicking courtier turns first bitter critic and then apologist, or lauder, raises one's gorge. I am not of the many, however, who feel that von Bülow should not have discussed him at all. It was a duty to posterity for him to paint a true portrait of the man he at once loathed and admired, if he wrote about him at all. But in view of the manner in which he did it, it is not surprising that Berlin is full of rumors that the Kaiser will shortly retaliate by publishing some of the sycophantic and bootlicking letters of adulation which von Bülow wrote to him; or that the condemnation of the Prince is so universal.

As for the picture which von Bülow draws of the Kaiser, one wonders at times why he did not seek to have his monarch locked up. Especially does the Prince dwell on the Kaiser's mad desire to talk, saying that he had the disease which the Italians call *parlantina,* as well as the ancients' *cacoethes scribendi.* To anybody who came along the Kaiser might, and constantly did, tell everything he had in his mind. For example, the Kaiser was once heard to let out one state and family secret after another to a person with whom he walked the decks of the royal yacht Hohenzollern. When inquiry was made as to who this confidant was, it turned out that he was the pilot who was taking the ship from Bari to Corfu! To his brother, Prince Henry, the Kaiser did not hesitate to denounce the Czar, although he knew full well that Prince Henry was devoted to the Czar, whose wife was the Prince's sister-in-law. Pages and pages von Bülow gives to such cases of tactlessness, always putting himself in the role of the man who covered the Kaiser's breaks and said just the right word to smooth things over so far as that was possible. An instance of this is the famous case when the Kaiser dubbed himself the "Admiral of the Atlantic" and the Czar, who was dining with him on the Hohenzollern, the "Admiral of the Pacific." The Czar was mute and painfully embarrassed, and von Bülow stepped in at once to smooth matters over. But later, when the two imperial ships parted company, the Kaiser signaled that the Admiral of the Atlantic bade farewell to the Admiral of the Pacific. After an interval the Czar's ship responded with one word: "Goodby." The captain of the Hohenzollern at once issued an order forbidding every officer and bluejacket on the ship to mention this episode. A few weeks later, however, the whole story appeared in a leading English daily with an effect upon British naval men and jingoes that can be imagined.

Sometimes the Kaiser openly revolted against the effort to muzzle him, saying that he was the only person who had to wear one. Anybody could call him a fool or anything else without anything happening, but he was asked to keep his feelings to himself even before his own brother. As one reads these pages the only wonder is that the Kaiser did not do infinitely more mischief than he actually created. Despite his promises never to write a letter to another sovereign without first submitting it to von Bülow, he constantly wrote or telegraphed without letting anyone know—often with great consequent humiliation.

Much that is new and intimate appears about the friction between the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, which constantly led to "dreadful scenes" and made the Kaiser fear that she would end her days in a sanitarium. Both were highly nervous. Far too much was plainly expected of one who was incapable of being at the same time "a bourgeois mother, a tender wife, and a reigning Kaiserin." Von Bülow prints many letters he received from her begging his help, his advice, in her efforts to control or direct the energies of her husband. It cannot be denied that she understood the weaknesses of her lord, master, and sovereign, with whom, von Bülow in passing remarks, "the dear 'I' pushed everything else into the background." This man's dagger is ever ready to be slipped under the fifth rib of the one who gave him the chance that he muffed and raised him to the same exalted rank as that held by the Iron Chancellor himself!

While much of the court gossip repels because of its pettiness, there can be no doubt that these books are of extraordinary historical value—if one makes the necessary discounts. Theodor Wolff says that the familiar German sign *Vorsicht* ought to be attached to them, that the reader may be on his guard and realize that besides writing an

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apologia pro vita sua the writer romanced a good deal; that even his anecdotes have been polished in the retelling. Yet a hundred years from now Germans will eagerly read this work, not only because its author in a sense turned state's evidence, but because the correctness of the whole picture of the pre-war official Germany cannot be denied, whatever the individual coloring, however obvious the personal motives. As one lays the volumes down, it is with a feeling that the Prussia of the Kaiser was, after all, in most ways not much different from that of the previous century save for a modern dress, and that it was surely destined to end in complete disaster of one kind or another.

I Became a Librarian

By CONSTANCE AUER

WHEN I had finished school and was casting about rather aimlessly for a career, my friends were helpful with advice. "You like books. You've always been a bookworm. Why not be a librarian?" Why not, indeed. As well say: You like to eat, therefore become a waitress. In my enjoyment of literary delicacies I lacked all desire to dish them up to others. But I had no counter-resources to fall back on, and such fine discriminations were in vain. The great oak doors swung slowly but surely open to receive me. I became a librarian. And here let me interpolate that if I occasionally use the title "librarian" with the loose inaccuracy with which a "public," that is, a borrower, invariably uses it, it is because I cannot help it. For if the librarian be only chief, head, or, as Webster puts it, "one who is in charge," how are those others who work in libraries to be designated? Business-office titles resound with a brisk, pleasing clarity—file clerk, typist, stenographer, secretary. But she who cancels your charge in a library is an "assistant," she who finds your book for you is an "assistant," she who searches indexes for you is an "assistant." Surely those who may never be "in charge" deserve distinction other than the label "assistant."

The dusk I found within the solid, institutional walls of libraries was not entirely obliterating. Light penetrated with certain borrowers who came, inquiring, and gleamed from certain books which even shelf numbers failed to reduce to a commodity. Light radiated most of all from certain of my fellow-workers. In the dim light I learned to distinguish contrasting tones in that subdued entity the library "girl" (for "girl" she remains to her sisters of the staff, be she sixteen or sixty).

Only the length of the years which lie between the library and myself gives me the temerity to speak of the librarian, who by reason of what she is will never speak of herself. As soon expect a nun to rise and tell of convent life. I know little of convents; but I see the library always as a sisterhood of dedicated lives.

The assembly at a teachers' convention is shrill, formidable, however bright and pleasing this or that teacher may be. Stenographers gathered in lunch- or tea-room I have found irritatingly silly. Library women as a group seem rather drab, a little dull. They are subdued, toned down. In their gentleness there is no jar; in their service to their cause, no noisy cant. The more quiet the personality, the better the librarian.

My training was an apprenticeship, my apprenticeship a novitiate. I was instructed at the knee of a mother superior—the Librarian herself. From her I learned the Dewey System of Classification, that paternoster of the library cult. By her I was catechized, trained into the routine of the order. I never attended library school. Library school was a new-fangled notion. I have often wondered if it could ever have proved as inspirational as those heart-to-heart talks in the dim twilight of the office of the mother superior.

I remember this woman for her gray hair, her dignity, and for one incident. We were gathered in staff meeting one morning, and she spoke somewhat sternly. "There has been some discontent with salaries of late," she said, "and of course I could take the matter up with the board." She paused for a measurable moment as we waited. "But I feel, and I know you all feel, that we have more than a commercial return for our work here. To work for the love of work is our privilege. For the present I shall not consult the board."

As nearly as I have been able to discover, loving her work has continued to be the outstanding privilege of the library employee. And she has remained among the most poorly paid of professional women mainly by virtue of her temperament, by virtue of that within her which made her choose her career in the first place. The librarian is a gentlewoman born and bred. She is timid, and library atmosphere is that of "culture," of quiet and refinement. She would like to do something for people, to educate them, perhaps. She recoils from the teaching rostrum as being too bold, too public. She prefers not to be stared at, listened to. She withdraws, with Victorian distaste, from the physical implications of nursing. She would serve without being noticed; invisibly she wants to help. Service is not a blatant slogan in the library. It is an inner and spiritual grace—more often than not quite genuine.

Quiet, quiescence, acquiescence. These were the three Q's of library training, the triune principle of the library order.

To tread quietly, to speak quietly, to work quietly. To pass through a room unobtrusively, as a thought might pass. To become as one of the books on the shelves, informative but silent. In the far reaches of the library, in the catalogue, order, and bindery departments, beyond the public ken, the same soundlessness prevailed. Even in their meetings librarians have no tongues. I recall one assembly of the staff where, after a discourse on Books of the Day, the visiting speaker asked for questions. After a pause the girl sitting next to me made an inquiry concerning book-review magazines. Faces registered surprise that she dared to do this. The head of one of the departments, leaning toward her,

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whispered, "I am so glad you asked that. I wanted to hear his comments." It was a feat of sheer courage, her tone implied. There were no further remarks that afternoon, nor on any similar occasions that I remember.

To be of quiescent mind—to plod, to be methodical. The work of a library is largely of a routine nature; the pace is slow, very slow. The detail is exacting—there are fifty-odd rules (does my memory hold?) to be observed in the typing of a catalogue card. These rules, framed by the Library of Congress to take care of minute classifications in a mammoth collection, are worshipfully observed by every cataloguer, be her collection of 50,000 or 500,000 volumes. Once the rules are mastered, one still works slowly; office pace would be considered irrelevant in a library. It is part of library discipline to remain unharassed by monotony, to be immune to boredom. Clerical work in a library is commendable in its accuracy; library system leaves no loophole either for temperamental adaptation or temperamental error.

To be of acquiescent spirit—to be obedient to tradition, respectful of established methods. To agree with the public across the desk, with the head of the department, and, above all, with accepted library opinion. To read the reviews of books, rather than the books themselves. The librarian looks to others for judgments as to what she and her public should or should not like. It saves having to read and decide for herself; and it is safer. Of all professional groups I have known, library people read, I believe, the least. Indexes and book journals serve instead.

Subservience to rules is, as everyone knows, the *sine qua non* of libraries and librarians alike. If a reader rails at a summary demand that he, willy-nilly, return to the library a volume which he and he only at the moment needs, he fails to understand the inflexible democracy of the institution which is serving him. Though that same book stand unread on the public shelves for five years, yet once every fortnight it must be placed for twenty-four hours at the command of his fellow-citizens. If this reader has at the time a problem or a thesis under consideration, such lack of leniency seems pointless and narrow; and the library assistant who timidly but firmly enforces the rule must take the brunt of his intellectual frown.

She has no choice. The rule governs her, as it governs the book and the borrower. Her position is as unequivocal as that of a nurse with charted orders for the day. Yet even more rigid are the orders which bind her, for they are never altered by a superior, they never swerve in the direction of a need. Of all professional women I have known, the public-library assistant is the least often allowed the responsibility of "using her judgment." The borrower, whether he desires a light novel or a statistical tome, is in the vernacular a "public," a mentally unclassed entity. The woman behind the desk may offer sympathy, a smile, an apology; but a rule she may neither give nor take away.

I have already indicated that the library employee is among the most poorly paid of professional women. In only one library of my experience, and I have applied for work in many, was the wage scale equal to that of the intelligent office girl. Rarely did it reach that level. One chief of a large public-library system, under whom I was fortunate enough at one time to work, had obtained from his city respectable salaries for the women in his employ. He was an exception.

The school librarian who is a member of the school staff, as she is, for instance, in California, is more fortunate. She is paid a teacher's salary, and that, in California, is fair enough. But the public libraries lag behind. Through the many library applications which I made at that time I came to understand that $100 a month was a respectable honorarium for an experienced library assistant in the West.

The endowed institutions bring up the rear of the salary ranks. For nearly a year I worked in a renowned private library in Chicago on an income of $19 a week. During that time I received an offer of an equal amount from the university library there. And when I offered myself to a large private library in San Francisco I was informed that they had at the time only a junior position for which their budget provided $60 to $65 per month. I will leave it to the American Library Association to amend the statistics, and to prove that library economics have changed since then.

I have intimated that the responsibility for her low wages lies largely with the temperament of the library employee herself, but it would not be fair to ignore entirely certain economic factors that have tended to keep her underpaid. Educational qualifications for the library worker have not, in the past, been high. Apprenticeship once served as training; then one year, then two years of library school. Now a college degree is often requested, and in a few libraries it is required. The salaries have not, however, kept pace with the training demands. Libraries remain filled because library positions are very few in number in comparison with office jobs or teaching jobs.

The industrial-library field is opening up; and I understand that the industrial or commercial librarian is frequently well compensated for her work. Only once did I make inquiry in this direction, and the prospect was encouraging, although I was not sufficiently interested at the time to follow it through. This development will eventually help the regular library employee, though the special library is as yet a disowned and unrecognized offspring of its conservative parents, the public and private "literary" libraries. I remember an interview with an alert young industrial librarian who revealed to me the chasm existing between her and her traditional colleague. "We are not literary," she said, "and therefore we must shift for ourselves. We have recently formed our own Special Library Association here in the city. The Public Library is not interested."

As a seeker, no longer a dispenser, of volumes, I have myself in recent years noticed in a few libraries some revolutionary indications. Along with an astounding display of posters and Better Book Weeks have come also extended renewal privileges, the disappearance of morally "restricted shelves," the opening of the gates into closed cubicles, and in a few libraries the generous allowance of as many books as the reader may care to carry away. I judge that the more one takes away, the more remain, for it is in these libraries that one finds most frequently what one desires.

In such libraries, also, I have noticed an awakening vivacity on the part of the assistants, have even heard upon occasion, not the whispered, nervous giggle that I remember, but the welcome sound of a low, merry laugh.

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In the Driftway

"CREATED for the most particular age in history." So runs an advertisement for a brand of coffee which shall be nameless since the Drifter wants to attack not the coffee but what he considers an extremely undiscriminating remark about the age we live in. The present age has, or at least exercises, less discrimination than any age before it that the Drifter has ever heard about. That would be bad enough, but it is doubly damning in view of the fact that the capacity of this age for getting what it wants and the mechanical possibility of satisfying its desires speedily and efficiently are superior beyond measure to anything the past has ever imagined. The Drifter has no sentimental nostalgia for the past. He knows that the most beautiful of Gobelin tapestries was pretty inadequate defense against the freezing drafts that blew through castle halls. He knows that the great demand for spices—and that well-known passage to India—stemmed from a desire to disguise the medieval and assuredly picturesque aroma of venison too long off the hoof. The Drifter prefers a warm living-room and an icebox. What pains him is the great disparity between the shining perfection of our modern method and the inexcusable inferiority of the products it brings forth. And it pains him, first, because it exists and, second, because he thinks something could be done about it. Here is one of the few crusades in which he himself might enlist.

* * * * *

ONE might draw the first fine flower of crusading zeal merely from a few minutes' quiet reflection on the number of gallons of bad coffee one has consumed within the year just ended in restaurants fairly topheavy with modern metal conveniences. For a symbol there could be found no more eloquent incitement to battle than a loaf of the bread which most of us—*not* including the Drifter—continue to eat. The spotless bakeries of America with their miles of windows and their neat ovens would, if piled one upon another, stack up a gleaming skyscraper beyond imagination. Beside it might rise still another spire, less gleaming but no less high, of the advertising copy that is written in praise of bread. But there would sit, perforce, between these two tall towers a loaf whose like for tastelessness and vapidity the world has never seen. Safety-razor blades used to be made of steel. Now, especially since the last great price-cutting fight, they are made of something worse than tin. What is more, it is probably impossible to obtain a steel safety-razor blade in this country except perhaps from some benighted firm which still spends its money on steel instead of newspaper advertising and premiums—a firm whose name, therefore, is unknown to anyone so unscholarly as a Drifter.

* * * * *

HERE are two sorry examples—two among many—of a tendency that has gone so far that even the names of things have lost their meanings. "Bread" once carried a heartening sound. It has become a term of reproach. A "steel blade" of old, in Toledo or the shaving box, conjured a shining and dependable sword. It has become a flabby fighter that nicks and crumples at the first tough whisker. Wool used to wear a warm and genuine air. Silk had a definite rich significance. Now it is "loaded." One must ask for "real" silk. Words—good words—have been thrown about so recklessly that their ancient and precious texture and sound have disappeared. The advertising pages of the world are filled with the ghosts of words that once had value. So are the literary pages—but the Drifter has not time to go into that.

* * * * *

AS for weapons in his crusade, the Drifter knows of only one effective blade—discrimination. Unfortunately, it has been so deeply buried in this democracy of ours under the weight of snob advertising that it will need to be first rescued and then tenderly nurtured for any fight. But it is time we rescued discrimination—now known as sales resistance and considered subtly unpatriotic—and set it to work. The Drifter dares to hope that in time we might have bread instead of paper pulp; that we might eventually have steel instead of advertising copy in our razor blades.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Billie Hard and Mr. Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue of your always stimulating weekly Mr. Paul Anderson refers to Billie Hard's former "profitable connection" with Mr. Hoover.

Billie Hard is a sweet-tempered person who permits everyone to say what he pleases without personal emotion on his own part. I do not resemble him in that respect.

I very much resent the implication which must be apparent to the casual reader. The only "profit" Billie Hard has ever had from his acquaintance with Mr. Hoover has been one which he still continues to enjoy. That "profit" is one which exists in any friendship with a man of splendid character and noble purpose.

Washington, February 4 ANNE HARD

The Indian Struggle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The British leaders say, and the British people seem to believe, that the Round Table Conference proposals represent an advance in self-government for India. But as the consent of the governed is the prime essential, the opinion of India is more important than the opinion of Britain. And as the Indian Congress is by far the most powerful political group in India, it is desirable to understand their attitude.

Mr. Gandhi stated on February 5 that the proposals must be considered in the light of his "eleven points." These were eleven reforms propounded in a sort of open letter to the Viceroy in Mr. Gandhi's paper *Young India* a year ago. They are substantially as follows:

1. Total prohibition.
2. Reduction of the foreign-exchange ratio of the rupee from its present fixed point of 1s. 6d. to 1s. 4d.
3. Reduction of the land revenue by at least 50 per cent and making it subject to legislative control.

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4. Abolition of the salt tax.

5. Reduction of military expenditure by at least half to begin with.

6. Reduction of the salaries of the higher-grade government services so as to suit the reduced revenue.

7. Protective tariff on foreign cloth.

8. Passage of the Coastal Traffic Reservation Bill. (This would break up the present monopoly of British shipping and give Indian ship companies a chance.)

9. Discharge of all political prisoners except those condemned for murder or attempted murder, withdrawal of all political prosecutions and of several repressive statutes specified.

10. Abolition of the secret police.

11. Issue of licenses to the people to use firearms for self-defense, subject to popular control.

None of these points is included or even remotely implied in the British proposals.

To other Indian Congressmen there would seem to be at least five reasons for rejecting the British proposals.

1. Under the new "federal" scheme about one-third of the members of the central legislature would be appointed by the princes and would be, therefore, exceedingly conservative. These, together with the representatives of landlords and wealthy classes in British India, would be a very effective brake upon any advance of popular control.

2. The proposed financial "safeguards" would seem to give control to Britain of about 85 per cent of the total central-government expenditure.

3. The Viceroy's veto power and power to supersede the law whenever he thinks that disorder is threatened.

4. No time limit is set on "safeguards" or reservations.

5. Control of the army remains entirely with Britain.

Finally, we should realize that the British proposals are not what business men would call a "firm offer" but are only recommendations to Parliament.

The press dispatches say that Sir T. B. Sapru was himself skeptical of convincing Mr. Gandhi. It is possible that their return to India has strongly reminded the Indian Round Table delegates of realities which had been obscured by the excitements of London. Mr. Gandhi really means what he has been saying for the past ten years.

Britain is in a quandary. This is illustrated by Mr. Gandhi's request to the Viceroy to investigate six cases of police use of excessive force. If the Viceroy had promised to do this, it would have greatly lowered the morale of the police; yet his refusal to do so will make hundreds of thousands of Indians who have seen the police in action still more deeply convinced that the British use of the words "justice" and "peace" is wholly hypocritical in reference to India. The nature and depth of the British dilemma were indicated in the debate on the conference when Prime Minister MacDonald told Parliament in effect that Britain does not dare to go on indefinitely with repression in India. His statement was widely quoted in the American press. Mr. Baldwin's repudiation of Churchill and the diehards indicates that a great body of the Conservatives also agree with Mr. MacDonald in regard to the danger to Britain of continued repression in India. Nevertheless, repression will go on because Britain is not yet ready to agree to the Congress demands, and to stop the repression would break down the morale of the police.

Mr. Gandhi does not expect to remain out of jail for long. But during the brief period of his freedom he will give skilled guidance to the future tactics of the Congress, will make all Indians realize more deeply and clearly the immense implications of the fight for freedom, will make them understand still more strongly the efficiency, power, and necessity of non-violence in their struggle. It seems likely that the boycott, picketing, and refusal to pay taxes will be intensified, and the unification of different groups and parties of Indians will go on. The pace of so vast a movement cannot be foretold, but one is reminded of a sentence in Mr. Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy last March, just before civil disobedience began: "If the people join me as I expect they will, the sufferings they will undergo, unless the British nation sooner retraces its steps, will be enough to melt the stoniest hearts."

Boston, February 9 RICHARD B. GREGG

Verbatim et Literatim

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to the slight but extraordinary slip by which in your issue of February 4 you refer to the great editor of the (London) *Nation* during its years of liberal preeminence as H. J. instead of H. W. Massingham?

London, February 11 GERTRUDE M. CROSS

Victor L. Berger Foundation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest your readers, and particularly those who reside in or near Washington, D. C., to know that on Sunday evening, March 1, a dinner will be held at the National Press Club to launch the Victor L. Berger National Foundation. The purpose of the foundation, which has been incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, is to honor the memory of the late Victor L. Berger and to perpetuate, through the establishment of a permanent fund which will be applied to help in the building of a liberal press, the service he rendered the nation. Besides helping in the building of a press which will be devoted to cultivating an intelligent understanding of the problems of peace, industrial democracy, and the labor movement, the fund will seek to render permanent benefits to all minority groups by providing effective resistance to all attempts to impose restrictions on the press.

Reservations for the dinner and requests for literature concerning the foundation may be addressed to me at the Insurance Building, Washington. Mayor Hoan, Morris Hillquit, possibly Mr. Darrow, and Mr. Maurer will be among the speakers.

Washington, February 20 MARX LEWIS

In Honor of A. J. Muste

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ten years of selfless devotion to an idea—the idea of workers' education—have gone into the building of Brookwood Labor College. Today Brookwood stands more secure than ever, and it stands as a monument to one outstanding figure, A. J. Muste. None can realize so fully as the men and women who have spent some time at the college as students what A. J. Muste means to Brookwood. To give expression to this realization the Brookwood graduates of New York City are holding a dinner in his honor.

The dinner will be held on the tenth anniversary of the founding of Brookwood, Friday, March 6, at the Woodstock Hotel, 127 West Forty-third Street, at 6:30 p.m. The price per plate is $2. There will be no collections. Reservations should be sent to the Testimonial Dinner Committee, Room 2004, 104 Fifth Avenue.

New York, February 20 ISRAEL MUFSON

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Books, Music, Drama

After a Mozart Quartet

By IRWIN EDMAN

Only another music could translate
This music, and that melody were this;
As well seek language that could utter fate,
As well find metaphors for speaking bliss.
Rather be silent that the themes may flow,
Rivers of liquid and insouciant joy,
Here rushing into rapids, here a slow
Lyric without repining or alloy.
Rather for once be one with perfect things,
All earth's poor infelicities forgotten,
Fly in this laughing heaven with borrowed wings,
Immortal once before your body's rotten,
While briefly yet the living mind can hear
This paradise so gay, abstract, and clear.

The Stream of Life

The Science of Life. By H. G. Wells, Julian S. Huxley, and G. P. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Two volumes. $10.

IN a book published in the fall of 1928, called "The Open Conspiracy," Mr. Wells announced his plan for the present two volumes. He considered that what he was writing was "a sort of provisional 'Bible,' so to speak," for the modern world. The first third of this Bible was "The Outline of History." The present two volumes, written in collaboration with the eminent biologist, Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the famous Thomas H., and with Mr. Wells's own son, comprise the second third. The final third, to treat of economic and social organization, is still to come.

"The Open Conspiracy" was a book as bad as only Mr. Wells can write. It was stuffed with stale platitudes, put forward with a pounding emphasis and the air of a discoverer and prophet. I am afraid that in reviewing the book I made ironic references to its shallow cocksureness, its evidences of megalomania. But the present magnificent work compels a radical alteration of those earlier conclusions. It is now clear to me that Wells's worst vices are also his highest virtues. Only a man with delusions of grandeur would announce that he himself (with a little outside help) was writing the Bible of our time; but only a man with such delusions, perhaps, would have the ambition, the daring, and the confidence to carry through a work of such panoramic sweep and genuine majesty as "The Science of Life" actually turns out to be.

In saying this I do not mean to give too large a share of credit for the work to Mr. Wells. He is extremely fortunate in such a collaborator as Mr. Huxley, who not only is a thorough biologist but possesses an imagination and literary gifts that, for this type of expository writing, are certainly not inferior to Mr. Wells's own. The reader cannot help speculating, from time to time, on the probable author of particular passages. Mr. Wells is called "the senior partner," but also "the least well-equipped scientifically." "His share," we are told, "has been mainly literary and editorial." Yet one is willing to wager heavy odds that he wrote most of the last chapter, on traditionalism, education, the supersession of war, and "the possibility of one collective human mind and will." The passage on page 940 describing the inconveniences that bacteria might suffer from bombardment by molecules, on the other hand, was almost certainly written by Mr. Huxley, for he has elaborated this same idea in his "Essays of a Biologist." Occasionally there are passages which in substance were written by other writers who do not get the full credit to which they are entitled. Thus the statement on page 938 that an angel is a biological impossibility, because his breast would have to project about four feet to house the muscles necessary to work his wings for flight, is taken from J. B. S. Haldane's essay On Being the Right Size, in "Possible Worlds"; as is also the illustration on page 942 to the effect that if you drop a mouse down a mine shaft, he can get up and walk away, while a rat is killed, a man broken, and a horse splashes. Somewhere in this section Mr. Haldane gets credit for a single remark, but not for these illustrations, which one is led to suppose are those of one of the three authors. But assignment of credit seems for the most part to be reasonably generous; a work of popularization of this amazing scope must necessarily make many borrowings, and perhaps would lose much in readability and pace if it attempted to be too punctilious in citing its sources.

The work is built on an imposing scale. In its 1,500 pages it runs to some 750,000 words, the physical equivalent of ten or twelve novels of ordinary length. It is divided into nine "books," each covering some important department of biological knowledge. The first book discusses the human body, covering much the same field as Dr. Logan Clendening's recent volume. The second book covers the whole living world, from the vertebrates down through the crabs, insects, worms, sponges, microbes, and the full range of vegetable life. The third book presents the manifold evidences for evolution; the fourth, theories of evolution, the mechanism of inheritance, and the A B C of genetics. The fifth gives a history of the forms of earthly life, and includes a section on early man. The sixth describes how various animals get their livings. The seventh is given over to Health and Disease, including bacteriology, nutrition, and vital statistics. Book Eight discusses behavior, feeling, and thought, from that observable in the amoeba up through that of ant and bee colonies to man, and there is a comprehensive section on behaviorism and psychoanalysis, as well as on such "borderland sciences" as telepathy and spiritualism. The final book considers man in his collective rather than his individual aspect—his history and forms of associations.

It is not possible to indicate more than sketchily the attitude and conclusions of the work. It holds evolution to be an incontrovertible fact, "proven up to the hilt," acceptable on the strength of the fossil record alone. Its point of view is neo-Darwinian; it does not accept the alleged evidence for the inheritance of acquired characters; it dismisses all theological, mystical, and teleological theories of evolution, including Bergson's *élan vital*, which it regards as a vivid but scientifically valueless metaphor, and Mr. Shaw's Life Force, which it derides as "Lamarckism in caricature." "It pleases Mr. Shaw," remark the authors, "to tell the world at regular intervals that Natural Selection has been 'exploded,' and it does not hamper the operation of Natural Selection in the very least that he should do this." But though the authors accept Natural Selection, they have no emotional attachment to it:

> The biologist can also point out that Evolution, whether looked at as a whole or in detail, is very far from coming up to what we might expect if it were in truth the realization of some exterior cosmic purpose. Firstly, it is extremely slow. Then the method of selection is not only slow but wasteful and, in higher animals at least, involves

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> great suffering. Worst of all, it has achieved much that seems definitely bad. Evolution has deprived barnacles and oysters of movement and brain; it has produced the female mantis, who begins eating her mate during the act of pairing; it has generated the bloodthirsty land-leeches and mosquitoes, and fitted the ichneumon-fly grub to devour its living caterpillar prey slowly, from the inside; it has brought into being not only strong, intelligent, and beautiful creatures, but also degenerate parasites and loathsome diseases. In brief, we are confronted with the gravest theological difficulties if we too light-heartedly set out to see purpose in Evolution. The wiser and saner course is to acknowledge our ignorance of ultimate causes and designs.

This view carries of course its implications for human conduct and aims. After pointing to man's utter insignificance in time and in space, the authors conclude:

> Human dignity rests upon nothing but itself, and man's activities must have value in themselves and for their own sake if they are to have value at all. That is the outcome of modern astronomy's impact upon the complacency of ordinary thought.

Like most modern biologists and psychologists, the authors find themselves obliged to reject not only the extreme dualism between Mind and Body preached by Descartes, almost ineradicably imbedded in language itself, and hence accepted by the man in the street and pontifically defended by a few literary gentlemen, but they reject any notion that Mind and Body are separated or separable in fact. They are obliged to adopt the hypothesis that man is not Mind plus Body, but a Mind-Body; that Mind and Body are merely two aspects of one unity. (There is an interesting analogy here with the recent physical concept of a space-time continuum.) The authors therefore accept behaviorism as a fruitful scientific *method.* They dismiss it, however, as a *philosophy*, both because of its astounding rejection of subjective evidence and its equally astounding rejection of all that science and common sense know of heredity. They criticize Freud's work freely, but still maintain that "Freud's name is as cardinal in the history of human thought as Charles Darwin's." They hold out no hope for personal immortality, and even hint that it is better that the individual, with all his bad habits, ineradicable memories, mutilations, distortions, prejudices, and decays, should be erased at last and forgotten.

With the immense new fields of knowledge that have been opened up in the last generation, the revolutionary theories and discoveries, the appalling accumulation of verified facts of the highest importance, we should all be lost if a great literature of popularization were not arising to disseminate this knowledge. There is a type of intellectual snob who professes to hold this literature of popularization in contempt; who maintains that through it knowledge is diluted, cheapened, and distorted. Popularizations differ in quality like every other type of book; and that such charges are true of many popularizations I should be the last to deny. But the man who takes at best a condescending attitude to every book on science not written for an expert audience is either stupid or a pretty transparent pretender. Today we are all "laymen" outside of our own narrow specialties; even the astronomer and the biologist may read each other's popularizations with profit. As the need for such books grows yearly, it is no accident that their quantity not only increases, but that their quality is higher than in any previous period of the world's cultural history. The popularizer of former times was likely to be a mere second-hand man in ideas; his tone was almost always condescending, and his audience in consequence got even less than whatever filtered through his own mediocre brain. Today the popularizers are among the finest minds of our time: J. B. S. Haldane, Bertrand Russell, Eddington, Jeans, H. S. Jennings. And the trinity that have composed this "Bible" belong in their company. In their work they have profited from their predecessors. They have learned that the popularization of knowledge is essentially no more than its humanization; that while a few abstruse aspects of a subject are better left to specialists, it is on the whole not necessary to dilute or to "write down." (There is a certain patronizing air in the present book in its somewhat tiresome use of "Mr. Everyman" where "man" would have been much better; but this is a very minor blemish.) Popularization, they have learned, means sometimes no more than merely getting rid of pedantry and pompousness. But its real secret, which this trinity have mastered to an astonishing degree, is the imaginative and dramatic presentation of a subject; the revelation of its connections, implications, and broader meanings; the ability to place the reader "in relation to the whole scheme of things." Their work, in consequence, is the most absorbing I have encountered in months. I shall not commit the banality of calling it as absorbing as a novel. But if, sometime during the present year, an extraordinarily fine novel comes my way, and I want to say something very complimentary about it, I may say that it is nearly as absorbing as "The Science of Life."

HENRY HAZLITT

Black, Alas, No More!

Black No More. By George S. Schuyler. The Macaulay Company. $2.

MR. SCHUYLER is, so far, the only Negro who has employed satire as a weapon with any measure of success. If for no other reason, therefore, his book deserves mention. The fable is a simple one. A Negro doctor discovers a method of turning black people white in a few hours and for the modest sum of $50. Millions of Negroes flock to take his treatment, from which they emerge not only white-skinned but with Anglo-Saxon features. There is only one rub: Negroes, though white, are still liable to become the parents of brown babies, but the resourceful doctor is able to turn a dark infant white in twenty-four hours. The results, of course, are various and chaotic. Complete disintegration of Negro enterprise, terror on the part of the whites, who see white supremacy threatened in a new way, a new political party, which under the guidance of one of the new un-Negroes seems about to elect a president, and the denouement—the discovery, by one of the most furious of the anti-white-Negroites, that about 50 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States must own to Negro ancestry, in however remote form.

Like all good fables, this one has a moral, unmistakable, pointed, and, one fears, all too justified. The Negro, says Mr. Schuyler, has denied his birthright, has betrayed his race. He is engaged whole-heartedly in an attempt to be as much like the white man as possible. He will be whiter than white; he will, without a thought for the virtues of his own kind, embrace the white man's virtues, although they are foreign to his nature and beyond his comprehension. This is the new slavery. When he was a slave the Negro lived in his own world; he loved, laughed, bore pain, and died in it. He entered the white man's world only as a child enters the world of his parents, without understanding it, suffering what he must suffer, enjoying what he is permitted to enjoy. But like a child he could withdraw to his own kind, who were so full of grace, and kindness, and gaiety. What a sad irony that he was freed from the bondage that kept him in his world only to enter upon another slavery, the seemingly irresistible necessity to ape his former masters.

This, of course, is one way of saying that the Negro

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will never write great literature while he tries to write white literature. It may be that he can express himself only by music and rhythm, and not by words. Mr. Schuyler has written white satire. He has spared neither race in his sharp criticism and neither is likely to love him for it. His book has many faults, the most glaring being its vulgarity. But if it is not great literature, or perhaps literature at all, it is a very pointed barb in the side of white and black alike. And on the whole the whites come off a little better, for they at least are trying to keep what they think they have, their racial integrity. The Negro might well take a lesson from this obstinate and unreasoning pride of race.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Australia's Dilemma

Australia. By W. K. Hancock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.
An Economic History of Australia. By Edward Shann. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THESE two books offer the most comprehensive picture of Australia available to the American reader. Professor Shann's volume is a detailed study of the economic evolution of the country from the settlement in 1788 to the year 1928, while Professor Hancock's book is a portrait of the Australian people as they exhibit themselves today to a native trained abroad for critical observation. The latter cites the former as a principal source. No doubt the Hancock volume is the one I should indicate as most suitable for the general reader. It is much cleverer, if less substantial, than J. B. Condliffe's treatise on New Zealand and much solider than Sarah Gertrude Millin's essay on South Africa.

Both authors dissipate many myths and both emphasize aspects of the Australian situation which will give anguish to the "dinkum Aussies." One truth which both writers emphasize is that Australia is controlled economically by the world prices of primary products. Another and complementary truth is that in ignoring this factor Australian politicians and their constituents have brought the country to its present pass. They have sought to erect an Australian system of economics on a continent which in the very nature of things cannot stand the gaff. When world prices are high and it is easy to borrow abroad, everything goes swimmingly. When prices fall, then times are doubly hard. In fact, one may generalize that the Australian question is humanitarianism versus world prices.

The Australian humanitarians get precious little sympathy from either of our authors; not that they are American humanists, but because they feel that ignorance of economics has been made a virtue by Australian politicians. I may select the question of wages as an example of how humanitarian considerations have affected the total situation. The familiar Australian boast is that the living standard of the country is the highest in the world, a dogma contradicted by statistics and by an observational survey of the condition of the Australian workingman. This standard of living is based upon a legally regulated wage and is determined by factors other than supply and demand—by world prices, for example. It is based on the study of the index numbers of Australian prices and upon the "fair and reasonable" requirements of a family of five in the satisfaction of their "normal needs." Australian wages are a basic charge against an industry, and theoretically the industry which cannot meet them and survive should perish. Practically, the industry is taken care of by the tariff. The effort is to have protection for all as the safeguard of the Australian standard, itself an artificially created charge upon industry. An illustration of how this works is the dried-fruit industry. It is based upon irrigation, and the costs, including wages, make it impossible for the Australian dried fruits to compete in the world market except at a loss. Consequently the Australian market is segregated for the local dried fruits by a tariff wall and the surplus is dumped abroad. Thus is the Australian standard maintained. Naturally such a system sets up a vicious circle from which there is no easy escape.

It is possible to admire this Australian blindness to the Tibetan nature of their economy and to applaud the stiff-necked quality which leads them to seek a high minimum standard of prosperity. It is possible, also, to find excellent excuses for their wonderful ability for acquiring debts in the operation of their railways as instruments for developing the country, in the various expedients for getting population on the land, and in all their other projects for making the government an instrument for social service rather than a defense for privilege. Most of the troubles which have resulted, both authors emphasize, arise from the apparent impossibility of harmonizing lofty aims which can only be gained by careful planning by trained economists and technicians with the necessity for democratic control of those charged with operating responsibilities. Neither writer says much about graft in Australia, though probably it is a factor, but both harp on the conclusion that mass thinking can never solve technical problems. In the last analysis, then, is Australia victimized by the democratic dogma?

Whatever the flaw in the Australian ideology, the accomplishments of the people are amazing. From a straggling convict settlement founded in 1788 with no welcome for the free settler, there has evolved the present social structure. With a perspicuity not characteristic of American historians, Messrs. Hancock and Shann give great credit, not to the governing officials, but to those who laid the true foundations of the national life. They single out John Macarthur, who first realized the importance of sheep raising (still the basic industry) for wool; William Farrer, who experimented in a Luther Burbank fashion with wheat and evolved the varieties which will resist drought and rust and so stabilized the wheat industry; Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, who put the family on a solid basis at a time when there was considerable danger that practical men would try to keep the country a pastoral community with few women; Professor Custance, who solved the problem of soil exhaustion by "dressing the land with soluble superphosphate"; the various inventors of labor-saving devices adapted to local needs, and similar heroes. It is men and women of this type who made Australia, in company with the nameless heroes who have fought and died in the war with the capricious soil and climate. "The progressive settlement of the continent depends primarily on the progress of its people in mastering the problems of its soil and climate," says Hancock.

In one of his penetrating generalizations Professor Hancock remarks that the whole of Australian history lies "within the period which succeeded the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution . . ." It has both profited and suffered from this fact. It has suffered because the emphasis on the rights of man and the duties of the state (leading to state socialism) has led to the ignoring of any larger aspect of the problem than the *immediate* welfare of the individual citizen. It has profited because the development of Australia has been accelerated to an extent unknown before in the history of new countries, a development so impressively set forth by Dr. Shann. The result is that Australia stands today as one of three most interesting and prophetic countries, the other two being Russia and the United States. In its present form it is a precarious compromise between the two. The slightest tip of the scales will send it one way or the other. Both of these professors are in favor of a retreat from the present humanitarian ideology, Professor Hancock being decidedly ironic and deprecatory in his clever summary of the Australian outlook, and Professor Shann openly favoring the return to power of the

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most conservative element in the commonwealth, the sheep-raising squatters.

The squatters would undoubtedly tip the balance toward a conservative paternal capitalism, but there is small chance of their getting a foothold in politics in spite of the fact that their industry is basic in the national prosperity. The farmers tried to assert their case against the dominant ideology, but suffered a defeat only tempered by an appropriation of some of its alleged benefits. The conservative forces in Australian life seem politically impotent. In the great difficulties at the close of the last century labor lost ground heavily, but today it is in control. If in guiding the country through its present crisis the labor leaders learn how to strike a balance between hard-boiled economics (or, in Hancock's phraseology, learn what economic disciplines are) and humanitarian paternalism, they may evolve a system which will appeal to the world as the logical compromise between Russian communism and American capitalism.

C. Hartley Grattan

A Record of Illusion

Eva. By Jacques Chardonne. Simon and Schuster. $2.

THE technical interest of this short novel lies in its use of indirection. The hero, Bernard, whose diary we are reading, loves his wife, Eva, with so complete a devotion that he is ignorant of her estrangement and unhappiness. To his limited and trusting intelligence their marriage is a true and fertile union; to her it has become a dry and barren pretense, the fulfilment only of her skepticism in love and her natural indifference to her husband. Bernard's happiness is an expression not only of his innocence and physical satisfaction, but of an untested literary idealism. His distress on gradually sensing Eva's tragedy, his recognition of disaster, his scorn of his wife's treachery, and his submission to the collapse of their household enter the reader's consciousness with the same sense of bewilderment that accompanied their entry into his. Bernard is the credulous domestic type who has already been treated by several of Chardonne's contemporaries—Du Gard, Duhamel, and Gide—but Chardonne has adapted from Flaubert the domestic atmosphere, the quiet, unreal world of literary and philosophical things that fills Bernard's mind, and the dispassionate sobriety which lends an unpretentious distinction to his narrative. The entire novel is told by the husband by means of a fragmentary diary which begins with husband and wife in mid-channel and ends on the eve of his wife's marriage to her lover. She has slowly become transformed from the object of his adoration into a "creature of lies and folly." In order to sustain this scheme of revealing a slowly unfolding consciousness an accurate sensibility is required. The novel must be poised safely between the author's omniscience and the diarist's ignorance of his predicament. The imaginary graph on which the course of the action is traced must carry two lines: one tracing the course of the husband's perceptions; the other, counterpoised and slowly converging, defining the actual course of events. On both scores Chardonne has handled his materials skilfully: his command of sensibility gives us a plausible Bernard; his control of mechanism keeps the two planes of fact, imagined and real, constantly present in the mind of the reader. The mechanism is a kind of counterpoint.

Structurally and conceptually this is a distinguished example of the secondary kind of current French fiction. It stands far below the works of Gide and Du Gard, but easily wins over the customary tours de force which carry off the Goncourt and similar prizes. Its defect is slightness. Except for Bernard the characters remain too nebulous, and even after their real natures assert themselves in his consciousness they fail to achieve their own life. The imagined fact outweighs the real, and a sketch of life rather than a three-dimensioned presentation results. But like Chardonne's earlier studies of marriage, "L'épithalame" and "Les Varais," the present book is consistently sure in its intuition. Poignancy is enhanced by brevity, and pathos by the contrast between realism and illusion. The obvious conventionality of the materials has been offset by oblique treatment and candor, and inevitably Chardonne's novel reveals its fundamental distinction.

Morton Dauwen Zabel

More Studies in Keats

Studies in Keats. By J. Middleton Murry. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

THESE studies in Keats are designed, as the author tells us, to fill gaps in his book "Keats and Shakespeare," and in them the same subjective method of criticism and analysis is employed as in the preceding volume. Here is criticism really at the opposite pole from I. A. Richards's type of analysis, yet certainly as valuable and perhaps much more so. Such criticism as Middleton Murry's is based on a very minute examination of the texts of the Keats poems and letters, and of the states of consciousness described in those documents; but it is something more: it is an identification, emotional and intellectual, of critic with poet, the most delicate possible adjustment to achieve. Just the slightest tipping of the scales one way and the critic reads his own emotional reactions into those of the poet; just the slightest the other and the contact is broken—reason has interposed coldly! Generally speaking, only poets have been able to write this particular type of criticism, but Mr. Murry has the necessary penetration and patience.

His results are very interesting. The most important chapters of his book are those analyzing the involved meaning of "Endymion," and those studying the state of mind necessary to the composition of such a poem as the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." The last lines of this ode have troubled critics and have seemed to them a blot on an otherwise perfect work of art. To explain them Mr. Murry must recreate for his readers the psychological state in which Keats's creative imagination functioned best. In doing so he clarifies the whole of Keats's writings—letters and poems both. He sums up the difficulty as follows:

> The direct and enigmatic proposition disturbs the poem because it does not belong to the same kind of utterance. The poem, as a whole, advances on strong and delicate waves of the pure sensuous imagination. It ends dissonantly with a stark enunciation which to that part of the human mind which is aroused by stark enunciation must be a baffling paradox.

How did Keats happen to close his poem with his statement: "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," and so on? Mr. Murry believes this to be no accidental effect, but rather an attempt to express vision, the essential matter of vision for which there *are* no words, although Keats declared it boldly in the form Beauty is Truth. Anyone who does not see Keats's vision is incapable therefore of understanding its "stark enunciation." Had Blake, for example, written the lines in some simple poem of vision, they would have afforded less difficulty of interpretation; but in the Ode, the mind must suddenly escape its superinduced sensuous quietude and leap to this statement of vision, or make nothing of the last lines. Usually the latter happens, and the lines seem wrong.

Mr. Murry's thesis that Keats, more than most poets, was prey to all experience, and aware, nevertheless, constantly of

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the need of equipoise, that state of consciousness in which "the fibers of the brain are relaxed; the conscious mind has yielded to that which is far older, far deeper, and far richer than itself," and that only in that peculiarly aware and yet drowsy state could he compose, seems explanation enough for much of what we see as struggle in the poet's life, for his integrity, not intellectual but imaginative, and for his certainty that no truth is true save that we love it.

One finishes these essays of Mr. Murry's with the feeling of having undergone an experience which has somehow illuminated the more obscure tracts of the creative imagination, of having dwelt briefly in the creative experience itself.

EDA LOU WALTON

Notes on Fiction

Two Thieves. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

The author of "Coronet" tells a lengthy tale of the two thieves who hung finally from two of the three crosses on Calvary. And there is this much to be said for Mr. Komroff—he does not strain after Biblical effects or offer any fictive interpretation of the life of Jesus. In fact, Jesus does not appear in the novel at all. But for all these virtues of omission, the events leading up to the crucifixion of the two thieves are repetitious and only halfway exciting. The plan of the elder thief, once a wealthy merchant's son and now an Arab of considerable rank, for taking Jerusalem away from the Romans is obscure in the extreme, and involves principally a great dashing hither and yon among the cities of Palestine and a number of well-described fights. But on the whole the author's attempt to spin out a tale which has a coincidental end with a famous historical event is lame and the tale is scarcely expansible beyond the limits of a short story.

Midsummernight. By Carl Wilhelmson. With Woodcuts by Lynd Ward. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

"Midsummernight" deals with a locality rather similar to that of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" and, more remotely, Thames Williamson's "The Earth Told Me," though it is not so good as either of these novels. For in Hamsun's and Williamson's books the locality is but a necessary frame inclosing the action, and the major attention is focused on the characters and the conflicts between them. In Carl Wilhelmson's novel the locality is the chief interest, whether the author wished it so or not, and the characters are endowed with no distinctive qualities. They are, however, not particularly obtrusive and their actions lead the reader pleasantly enough through the intricacies of primitive Finnish manners. The wedding, the funeral, a bathing contest, and other quaint customs make the novel readable, particularly since the author adopts a simple and straightforward manner in describing them and leaves aside the beautiful writing which renders other portions of the narrative tedious. "Midsummernight" is little more than another novel about far lands and strange people, but as such it is not without brightness.

Unweave a Rainbow. By Edgar Johnson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

This, Mr. Johnson's first novel, is very correctly entitled a "sentimental fantasy." The author's achievement is a perfect artificiality of plot, of scene, of character—that type of artificiality which is so well substantiated by selection of details that it is capable of arousing a very real emotion. The lady loved may be a mere dream—is, in fact, just this—but she is so perfect that she fulfils our insatiable desire for the sentimental; the scenes, moreover, are so elaborately laid out that they become real; the characters are so witty, so bookish, so urban, so modern that they seem more probable than most New Yorkers. It is always, then, by heightening and lingering over the exquisite and subtle and extremely precious in description, conversation, action, that Mr. Johnson arouses the reader to belief. Tactile, auditory, visual excitement are so constant with this author that he communicates them directly. It remains to be seen, of course, whether Mr. Johnson can go on being exquisite. If he simplifies himself, it will be almost beyond recognition, but perhaps he will always depend on artifice. One quality his sentimental fantasies lack which the great sentimental novels have had—a kind of masculine zest, not only for a fingering of the exquisite, but for every type of experience, palms down on the sharp gravel, and now and then a good, old-fashioned interest in vulgarity.

Architecture

The New School

IT must be that the New School for Social Research was designed for the up-to-date woman. It is bold just where she is bold. The flat painted walls inside, with their simple and assured tones of red, blue, and yellow, are hers, in strong contrast to the interiors of buildings done for her husband, which are either plain tame or else vulgar-gaudy like the lobby of the *Daily News*. The whole picture, outside as well as in, is uncompromisingly "new school," where the man would have inclined to tone it down or fudge it up.

Consider, for a moment, how "modernism" entered the United States. It was certainly through the woman. First she bought smart new gowns from Poiret or Chanel, or at least the very best copies; then her *couturiers* over here began dressing their windows with cork and with bright new chromium furniture; eventually she herself risked a bar, and then a dining room, and finally a whole large building in the new mode.

"Function" is the name of this new Plain Richard at the court of fashion. It is a new manner of simplicity that has taken our up-to-date woman's fancy. And in certain parts of the building Mr. Urban, the architect, has done simplicity for her with quite unusual skill. The entrance, for example. A flat black marble wall outside, a flat gray painted wall inside. No "decoration" anywhere. Straight metal bars to protect the glass in the door, alike on both sides for the same utilitarian purpose, yet spaced so carefully as to become decorative in themselves, harmonizing with other lines in the building, and letting the thought flow through. Since nothing is extraneous, there is nothing to mislead, and a great advantage of such a foyer is that the arrangement is comprehensible at a glance, or, as architects say, it is easily "read."

Throughout the building the color in particular is handled with a similar directness. Instead of different colors for separate rooms, there are different colors for the separate walls in the same room; and four primary tones well keyed serve in this fashion for the entire building. Thus the interiors become less like a series of boxes than interweaving spaces bounded by variously colored planes; sometimes, too, separate areas of the same wall receive different colors to demark separate areas of use—the yellow end of the room will be the lounge, and with the blue begin the picture galleries.

Yet how simple, really, is the up-to-date woman? How natural was Marie Antoinette? Perhaps the processes of fitness that had shaped the entrance and the *décor* so well began to seem too slow. Or perhaps when she said "simple" what the lady really meant was "novel," and when she said "func-

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tional" she was thinking "European." At any rate, before the building was finished it had acquired some quite exotic features: among them a front like nothing so much as a free transcription of the Van Nelle tobacco factory at Rotterdam, and an auditorium inside that was advertised forthwith as the architect's "dream of a perfect oval."

How to incorporate these features, and still appear to be working straight from conditions, must have put a considerable tax on even a stage designer's ingenuity. That labor will never be appreciated by the ladies. What is stunning about the Van Nelle façade is an apparent trick with gravity. At each of seven stories it is slashed straight through by a continuous ribbon window, uninterrupted by a single column, in spite of which it manages to stand up: the secret is that the columns are really there, *behind* the wall. Now this is a device for flooding a large space with uninterrupted light. It originated in a place where that problem had to be met—in the American mill. If the floor and wall cannot be pushed at least eight feet beyond the last supporting column—well, then you are likely to get the result that can be seen on Twelfth Street. You come inside, and there, a scant two feet behind the wall, is the column, standing in the way and actually casting more shadow than it would have cast from an orthodox position within the wall itself. . . . There was nothing to be done but to paint it white. . . . Again, the inside space is not, as in the mill, a single room; and how are you to run a masonry partition wall up to a glass window? . . . It is done by inserting another little inside window between the column and the outer window frame, and in the process creating a little glass cupboard with a cute Victorian flavor. . . . And so it all has to go, all sixes and sevens. The outside windows pivot horizontally, yet inside there is a second set, in vertical frames this time, swinging into the room, and spoiling still more space. The climax of all this arrives in the large classrooms, where you find the lecturer placed directly in front of the window: at any time when the light can come through the curtains have to be drawn, so that on this floor the windows with all their fuss and façade would have been better out of the way entirely and their place taken by blank wall, artificial ventilation, and electric light. Lady, Lady! Did you ever tease an architect into a paradox more astonishing than that of a "functional" false front?

So, too, with the quaint auditorium. They will tell you when you enter that it makes for such marvelous acoustics. Well, in a hall accommodating no more than five hundred people tolerable acoustics ought to go with almost any shape. Any shape, that is, except an oval. Acoustically the oval per se is one of the worst conformations known. It is liable to dead spots, and it throws echoes right back at the speaker and the audience. Not the oval shape is what does the work in the New School auditorium—where the acoustics are actually very good—but the fact that the ceiling is a pierced plaster shell. It is a blanket, hung from the structural ceiling above it by means of iron straps; and its virtue is in the holes. Their duty is to break up all the sound they can, a duty which is the exact opposite of reflecting it. They would break it up with almost any shape of screen. They break it up even with an oval one. . . . Then after all the oval shape is all right? Of course it would be all right were the screen held separate for what it is, a screen, and not confused everywhere with the structure. How naturally this can be done you can observe in the auditoriums of numbers of popular theaters, including the Paramount, in which, although the decoration is garish to a degree, the architecture is consistent, clear, and unambiguous. I believe it has not one plaster shell but three, and yet not the most ignorant truck-driver patron would take them for anything else than what they are.

What difference does it make? Simply this: that archi-

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tecture is a language, in which plan, structure, and form are as thought, sentence, and sound. If words are used for what they do not mean, and syntax is all at odds, there can be no very deep significance to the rhyme. In architecture the conditions are almost intolerably complex. All the more honor to their master. The rarest achievement is that parable-like simplicity which is true at every level of understanding. And in certain passages in this building Mr. Urban, as I have said, has worked for just that, and has achieved a splendid fitness probably beyond the capacity of our typical architects such as Corbett and Hood, who are opportunists at heart and players with mere effect. Too bad that in so many essential points the purpose has been perverted, so that the New School can stand only as a gesture.

But I am talking into the wind. How could I have made such a mistake? The ladies do not really care to study syntax and philology. Look at the floor plans. Only one floor among seven contains classrooms proper; among these, four out of six have quite gratuitously impossible shapes. No, it is on the clubrooms that the main effort has been concentrated. In the library, which in the ordinary school would be quietly segregated, there is a grand double stairway. The people go up and down, up and down. It leads to the salon. They say, "Don't you think it's pretty good, for America?"

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Music

Orchestras Without Conductors

THE economic depression, in depriving us of the Conductorless Orchestra, has removed the best possible antidote to the conductor-worship in which we are all too apt to indulge. At the same time, it has opened the door to those professional skeptics whose favorite topic is the complete uselessness of conductors. As long as we had the Conductorless it was not hard to see just what the functions of a conductor are. But now that all our orchestras are conducted again, we have been robbed of that criterion; especially since we do not tolerate mild and self-effacing conductors, but insist on much conducting or none. In a city visited annually by Coates, Gabrilowitsch, Kleiber, Koussevitzky, Molinari, Sokoloff, Stokowski, and Toscanini, it may not be amiss to recall how an orchestra recently got along without any of them, and thus to remind ourselves of just what it is that they contribute to orchestral performance.

What virtues did the Conductorless lack? What advantages did it offer over conducted orchestras, and at what price were they bought?

Its most persistent shortcomings were a lack of rhythmic precision and faults in tonal balance. These mechanical defects would seem inevitable in an orchestra of the size required to play modern works and in modern halls. The eighteenth-century orchestra, conducted from the harpsichord, was in our terms a chamber orchestra. The players were not prevented by the tonal volume, the size of the hall, or the distance that separated different sections of the orchestra from listening to one another. But how is the trumpeter, sitting far over at the right of a large stage, with three trombones and a whole percussion section, perhaps, playing just behind him, to hear the first violins ten or twelve yards away? In a conductorless orchestra, sitting on a stage designed to project both his and their tone out into a large hall, he is at a loss for indications of tempo and dynamics. He must guess at what is happening

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in the rest of the orchestra, and those who can hear him must adjust their playing to his. The tempo difficulty can be partially overcome by an agreement beforehand to preserve an even, metronomic pace. But the problem of balance in color and volume can never be completely solved, under these conditions, without a conductor.

The Conductorless, however, according to its apologists, turned these very difficulties into means of discipline: owing to them, it was said, greater self-effacement and concentration and more thorough musicianship were required of the musicians than in a conducted orchestra. Unfortunately the venture did not last long enough to prove this alleged advantage, for it would have been apparent only after several years' work. In its behalf the further claim was made that its interpretations, guided by a committee, were sure to be freer of the capricious and the affected than those of many conductors. But even an affected interpretation is likely to have some consistency in its affectation, whereas a committee interpretation is too apt to consist of a series of conflicting concessions.

It may be granted that the interpretations of the self-conducted orchestra were less objectionable than those of many popular conductors. At the same time, even making every allowance for the fact that it is easier to be enthusiastic in praise or dispraise of an individual than of an organization, it can hardly be claimed that they ever equaled those of the greatest. And unfortunately, to achieve results comparable to those effected by a conductor, a conductorless orchestra needs many times as much rehearsing. Its repertoire is thus necessarily very much restricted, particularly as regards modern and difficult works.

Entirely apart, then, from the exceptional understanding and power of re-creation that we ascribe to men like Toscanini (and these things cannot be demolished in a sentence) the conductor has a definite practical value. The notion frequently expressed that "they could get along just as well if he stayed home" is baseless. But the Conductorless was the best possible reminder of all this, and in a city where one orchestra has five conductors in a season, and another (the Roxy) recently had four on one program, there was room for that reminder.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

Early Victorian Father

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET," a new but already famous play by Rudolf Besier which Katherine Cornell has brought from London to the Empire Theater, shows every sign of being a success. Miss Cornell not only plays the principal part in it; she is the producer as well, and in that role she seems to have demanded, and got, a practically perfect performance. The piece is interesting and clear; its theme is familiar enough not to strain the capacity of any reasonably well-educated audience to understand it; and it is acted in the best taste throughout. What more could be asked?

Perhaps the way to answer that question is to say that most of the pleasure I derived from the spectacle was of a negative sort. It was very nice indeed not to have certain mistakes made by Mr. Besier; it was comfortable to sit there and have all of my expectations so gracefully, so precisely, so tactfully met. For instance, since I had been informed that the play, although it dealt with the courtship of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, did not try to make these persons talk like poets, I expected to get a special pleasure out of

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hearing them talk like human beings. And they did. Mr. Besier had the almost unique inspiration to make his famous hero and heroine behave as if they did not know they were famous. He actually seemed to believe that the way to show an artist on the stage is to show him exactly like any other sort of creature. This was delightful. Miss Cornell as the ailing Elizabeth played with a restraint for which one felt like thanking her, line by line. Confined to her couch at first, then electrified into life by the breeze of Browning blowing through her door, and at last transformed by him into a woman with will enough to run away from her father—Miss Cornell in all of these phases was utterly right. She has never appeared to better advantage. One reason for this is undoubtedly the fact that she has at last a meritorious play in which to appear; another reason, perhaps, is that at last she is free from the necessity of giving up a lover—renouncing him, the phrase is—at the close. It had begun to look as if she were never going to be seen doing anything else, as if renunciation were to be her manner.

Such weakness as the present play has may be hinted at by saying that its central theme, which concerns not Elizabeth Barrett but her father, is precisely what one was prepared for. The elder Barrett is here, as apparently he was in life, one of those Victorian fathers which our latter-day literature has talked so much about. We were prepared for him by "The Way of All Flesh," to name only one of hundreds of books by hundreds of enlightened authors. A dash of psychology also is necessary to understand him; but we have that, of course. My point is that we possess in Mr. Besier's Mr. Barrett a perfect specimen of the monster in question; no less than that, and no more. The resolution of this widower not to permit any of his numerous children to marry is explained by showing that he is a hideously repressed person. Now that is probably a good explanation. But there is almost too much neatness in the exposition. We see Mr. Barrett performing the symptomatic rites somewhat too regularly, somewhat too patently after the pattern. The entrances of Charles Waldron, who plays the part, are magnificent; but they are the entrances of a tall, pale, powerful, and evil man into a pitiless laboratory where he will take certain tests and prove himself such and such a kind of case. The whole thing is elaborately and intelligently done. But one is permitted to wonder if it is true—not of the actual Edward Barrett, for that would scarcely matter, but of this man. He is almost too good to be true.

I must put in a word for "Rock Me, Julie" (Royale Theater), a play by Kenneth Raisbeck which lasted only one week but which I liked very much. So far as I know I represent a minority of one in thinking that Mr. Raisbeck succeeded here at a difficult and complicated task. He took an Illinois family most of whose members were failures of one kind or another; he brought them together at a reunion; and he anatomized each one of them not only in himself but in his relation to the rest. He was charged by the reviewers with imitating Chekhov. I would say first that Chekhov is a good man to imitate, and second that Mr. Raisbeck has assimilated him rather than imitated him. "Rock Me, Julie" is perfectly native in all its materials and in every accent of its method; and it is in many places profoundly true and moving. Mr. Raisbeck was also charged with being incomprehensible. The charge itself is to me incomprehensible. These people felt things which were difficult to express. They expressed them, however; and expressed the difficulty. The only confusion there was in the piece resulted from the fact that Mr. Raisbeck had too much to say. His play was too rich. But that is a fine fault, and I imagine we can look forward to excellent work by him in the future. Helen Menken and Paul Muni in the leading roles were highly forceful and convincing.

MARK VAN DOREN

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MUSIC

John McCormack, tenor—Carnegie Hall—Sun. eve., Feb. 22.
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Robert Goldsand, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Sun. aft., Feb. 22.
Guy Maier & Lee Pattison, 2 piano (farewell recital)—Town Hall—Sat. aft., Feb. 21.
Sergei Radamsky, tenor—New School Auditorium—Tues. eve., Feb. 24.
Nathan Milstein, violinist—Carnegie Hall—Fri. eve., Feb. 27.
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Civil Government for Samoa

By MARGARET MEAD

WHEN Senator Hiram Bingham was appointed to head the American Samoan Commission, the Samoans, whom a series of lucky accidents have so far preserved from extinction, were again fortunate. For Senator Bingham, himself a student of the anthropology of the Inca civilization, was alive to the importance of preserving the cultural identity of the Samoans. The bill which was framed as a result of the commission's report has skilfully met the various criticisms and objections to the past status of American Samoa, and at the same time has kept the gains of thirty years of singularly intelligent administration as embodied in the "Codification of the Regulations and Orders for the Governor of American Samoa," prepared for the information of the commission.

During the past decade there has been a discontinuous, not very voluble, but persistent series of protests in the liberal press against conditions in Samoa. Examination of these protests shows that they fall under two main heads—formal objections by sticklers for correct form in international and internal relations, and individual protests from half-castes and their friends and sympathizers. The first set of objectors inveighed against the anomalous position of American Samoa, an American possession by treaty and implication but not by any formal act of the Senate; less importantly they objected to the arbitrary power of the naval governor, declaring that the existence of such autocratic government was un-American. The second group of grievances were motivated by the virtual expatriation of the small group of half-castes, who under the existing regime, which was overzealous to preserve Samoa for the Samoans, were permitted no political and but a slight economic role in the island of their birth. (According to the census of 1920, there was a Samoan population of 8,050 and a total half-caste population of 480.) Both sets of critics, possessed of the reformer's usual belief in sweeping measures and the tendency of the man with a grievance to pin his troubles upon a tangible opponent, accused the naval government and demanded a civil government instead.

Meanwhile, students of Pacific problems realized certain relevant facts: In Tahiti and the Marquesas the Polynesian race was dying out; in Hawaii it was vanishing by race mixture; in New Zealand the remnants of the Maoris were being completely absorbed culturally. In American Samoa, under the arbitrary rule of a series of naval governors without financial axes to grind, the population had increased, in 1927, 52.8 per cent. Tuberculosis, that special enemy of the Polynesian, had made small inroads into the health of the natives. Their indigenous diseases, yaws and a serious eye trouble, "Samoan conjunctivitis," had been brought under control. Infant mortality had been tremendously reduced. Because of the wise provisions against immigration of any sort and the prohibition of all alienation of land, the Samoans were still prosperous, economically self-sufficient, well nourished, Even the great increase in population had wrought no hardship, as it would certainly have done, for instance, had large areas of land been alienated for foreign-owned copra plantations. The Samoans had not been debauched by drink, nor had prostitution fastened itself upon the interracial situation. British mission and American government had cooperated sufficiently peaceably so that the mission teaching of reading and writing in the Samoan language had resulted in a high standard of literacy. The Samoans had changed their ancient ways of life very little. They still built their cool, perfectly adapted houses of native materials; they retained their native costume, only substituting cloth for the less serviceable and laboriously made bark cloth. Above all, the spirit of the people—their pride, their sense of cultural identity—had not been broken. The navy government had accorded a wise and discriminating recognition to the Samoan ideas of rank and precedence.

A careful comparison of the changes which the new act has made in the old body of laws, which had been empirically come by, shows that the commission dealt with the two groups of critics and yet preserved the regulations necessary to the continuance of Samoa's present peaceful prosperity. The advocates of greater constitutionality with regard both to Samoa's status and to Samoan administration have won the following points: recognition of our annexation of Samoa by the Senate; territorial status for Samoa; an appointive governor who may be a civilian or a member of the army or navy—thus formally taking the absolute control out of naval hands; a lengthening of the governor's term so that it may be indefinitely extended at the pleasure of the President—this is an attempt to deal with too-rapid shifts in policy and the criticism that no governor remained long enough to understand the people; regularization of court procedure, including an extension of the functions of the appointed chief judge and the creation of the office of attorney general, a federal appointment; arrangement for appeals to the District Court of the United States for the District of Hawaii and the provision that cases so appealed shall be heard in Samoa; the removal of all the explicit arbitrary and legislative powers of the governor and the increase of the powers of the native assembly. The half-caste minority were primarily interested in two points: better economic and political status in American Samoa and a more explicit definition of their status in the United States. Both of these have been covered. They may now become citizens, or claim citizenship through past residence in American Samoa; they may own land, and they may participate in local politics. The term "native" has been stricken from the codification of laws and the term "person of Polynesian blood" substituted, and all American Samoans have been made citizens of the United States, a matter chiefly of interest at present to the half-caste group.

Meanwhile, the regulations which have been responsible for the continued well-being of the Samoan people do not lie in such formal civic matters as these. Instead, they are the provisions against the alienation of land; the limitation of terms of leasehold—wisely shortened by the commission from

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forty years to twenty years; the power given to the governor to prevent undesirable characters, whether citizens of the United States or not, from landing or remaining in Samoa; the prohibition against the extension of credit in excess of $25 to Samoans not engaged in licensed business pursuits; the preservation of the aboriginal form of family administration in which land is held in common by a kinship group and administered for them by a headman (*matai*) who is responsible for all those under his care; and, finally, the preservation of a form of local government under which the governor appoints as district chiefs hereditary chiefs of the Samoans, so that American administration and time-honored ideas of rank are combined without friction.

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Contributors to This Issue

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